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Flora's Vagaries.

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the Theatre Royal,
By His Majesties Servants.

Licensed July 28. 1669.

Roger L'Estrange.

Mrs. Ellen Gwin.

Mrs. Webb.

LONDON,

Printed for William Cademan, and are to be sold at
his Shop at the Pope's Head, in the Lower Walk
of the New-Exchange, 1670.



THE ACTORS NAMES.

Alberto, *Lover to Flora.*

Lodovico, *Friend to Alberto.*

Prospero, *Friend to Alberto*
and Lodovico.

Grimani, *Father to Otrante,*
and *Uncle to Flora.*

Giacomo, *His Man.*

Pietro, }
Pesauro, } *Two Rogues.*

Francisco, *Lover of Otrante.*

A Fryer.

Constable.

Servants.

A Watch.

Mr. Mobun.

Mr. Beeston.

Mr. Bird.

Mr. Cartwright.

Mr. Burt.

Mr. Loveday.

Flora, *Niece to Grimani in*
Love with Alberto.

Mrs. Ellen Gwin.

Otrante, *Daughter to Grimani, in*
Love with Lodovico.

Mrs. Nepp.

LONDON

Printed for William Galt, and are to be sold
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of the New-Exchange, 1670.



Flora's Vagaries.

Actus primus.

Enter Otrante and Flora.

Flo. **F**Ye Madam, leave, spoil a good face with crying,
and spend your breath in sighing, sobs, and heigh-
hoes, you little think how ill it looks on you.
Otr. Didst thou but feel the burthen of my
woes, or could'st derive them from the same
Spring-head, thou would'st not laugh at, but assist my griefs, and
help me raise them to a pitch of wonder, so thou and I like two
forlorn Turtles, would sit endearing one anothers sorrows.

Flo. Upon a house side in the Sun-shine: hey day, here was a
rapture with all my heart, I'll be whipt if you don't cry your self
er'e long into the lamentable condition of making Madrigals, teach-
ing Black-birds to whistle the tunes of them.

Otr. Insensible Girl, would thou had'st half my cause.

Flo. Why I have all. Does not the old man plague me, and
Fetter me about as much as you? Yet I have no mind to be a Tur-
tle, you had better be a Magpie and chatter at him as I do.

B

Otr. O

Otr. O but he is not thy Father : Mine he is, and piety forbids the breach of duty : sure Justice has laid by her equal scales, to blend misfortunes thus with Innocence ; were not my Fathers jealous passions left, his anger I could bear like thee, and smile at, but to be gull'd is and is not.

Flo. Faith Madam, even I am that have heard things that am wondrous sorry, but cannot cry for you. You are resolv'd then not to seek for a Remedy.

Otr. Alas, where shall I find one ?

Flo. I can propose a way, if you have grace to follow it, and then take heed you be not too nice in your superstitious points of obedience.

Otr. I dare not infringe my duty to my Father.

Flo. I do not mean down right hostility. A little Rallio only that shan't flye past indemnity.

Otr. It is too great a Crime.

Flo. Why then even march up to your Chamber, and cry on ; and make speeches to your looking-glass : did ever any woman before make Conscience of being put into a capacity of having her own will.

Otr. And yet in troth I would fain be at liberty.

Flo. And you would have it drop into your mouth.

Otr. I would do a lunk, but not too much.

Flo. O, no, you shan't, Madam, (I see she will come to it, whosoever will break a Commandment, 'tis ten to one, crack it up as they have done) why then you must resolve to love somebody another, and marry him as soon as you can.

Otr. Without my Fathers consent.

Flo. It shall not be against his consent, for you shall never ask it to have it deny'd, and so long no matter.

Otr. But that's the way to be a begger.

Flo. You raise more objections then an English Teacher.

Otr. But how can it be otherwise ?

Flo. Never fear it, we'll make it our one way or other.

Otr. I am very fearful.

Flo. You need not. Trust me Madam, come, let's in, I'll tell you more (old man look to your hits, w're like to be two to one) come Colin.

[Exit.]

Scena

Scena seconda.

Enter Francisco with a Key.

Fra. This Smith's an excellent Artist, the Rogue has hit it to a hair, I try'd the key last night, and it opens as honestly as it were Legitimate.

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Well, *Francisco*, I keep touch with you, what's the business on?

Fra. You'll hardly guess what you came hither for.

Lod. I cannot imagine, pray thee discover.

Fra. If I should ask you, if you are my friend, I know the question would lessen the Relation: I dare not doubt you are not still the same, *Lodovico* has too much Nobleness to alter.

Lod. Why this to me?

Fra. Not that I do suspect you, but this in short, my future happiness depending on your kindness and assistance, you cannot blame my being so solicitous in an Affair of such Importance.

Lod. Be it honest, you may command me, you know I dare fight.

Fra. I do not use to ask my friends those things that are not so, no, *Lodovico*, had it been otherwise, I could have found some others to employ, not one so virtuous.

Lod. Then speak it, and command a ready Servant.

Fra. Why thus, you know this house.

Lod. Not I, whose is it?

Fra. 'Tis old *Grimanes*, the rich Senators, he has a Daughter I have seen and loved, and that with such a doting passion, nothing but her enjoyment can preserve my life; she's very fair, and rich to boot.

Lod. And so 'tis an even lay, which you love best, the money or the Wench?

Fra. No; prethee, no : but both do well you know.

Lod. Never perswade me, thou canst be such an Ass to love a Woman, to prove it, prethee let me hear thee Ryme.

Fra. Is this like a friend ?

Lod. Nay, I won't believe thou art in Love, till I hear thou learn'st on the Cittern, and sing'st doleful broken-hearted Ditties to it.

Fra. Come, we shall have you at it one of these dayes, and then you will comence in poetry.

Lod. If e're thou dost see me in Love, mark me (as I must first commit some horrid sin, and that fall down a heavy judgment for it) I'll give thee leave to Rime me to Death, or to polt me all over with rotten Eggs till I look like a Frog, to lead me cut of Town with a Frying-pan and a Fiddle, and shew me in the Subburbs for a Monster, with a painted Cloath, a Jack-pudding and a Cymbal.

Fra. Well Sir, you'll repent of this Heresie, there are handsome Women good store in *Verona*, we shall have you a Votary one time or other, but let that pass, will you assist me now in my design ?

Lod. I had rather help to make thee sober again, pox, are there not enough to be had for money, but thou must throw away thy Liberty, and run mad for a yoke-fellow ; (Love !) our upon't, 'tis worse then musty drink, or Lodging at a Tallow-Chandlers.

Fra. Well, bad as it is, I am in it up to the ears, and cannot quit : will you help me ?

Lod. Hast got the old mans consent ?

Fra. No; then I shou'd not need your assistance.

Lod. What can you do then ?

Fra. Why, I would steal her away.

Lod. And you wou'd have me Help you, this is the honest Employment you have for one, *Francisco*.

Fra. Why, so it is, *Lodovico*.

Lod. I understand not how.

Fra. I have address'd my self to her, she loves me, and has contrived the plot her self; do you see this Key, 'tis to the back-Gate of the Garden, she gave it me, a friend of mine has sent for old *Grimani* out this Afternoon, he is safe, we may convey her without danger.

Lod. This sounds but very oddly.

Fra. Wou'd

Fra. Would I were rid of him, but I must use him now, by our friendship, by all that's good 'tis true, I do not use to lye, *Lodovico.*

Lod. If you do abuse me, I shall not take it kindly, 'tis not quite honest, for *Grimani* will be wronged, but since the Woman has a mind to it, and if she misse this way, she will hav't anothe; and thou art in this lamentable longing Condition, I will help thee for once, when must we do it, I would fain hear it over?

Fra. That's kindly spoken, why, this Afternoon, meet me here, betwixt two and three, and we'll about it.

Lod. I had rather venture catching the plague with thee, then be thy second in this business, for by my troth 'tis but a Noble kind of Bawdery, well, I'll meet you, but pre'thee try betwixt this and that to unchange thy amorous humour, I could do it in the drinking a quart of small Beer, though I were hissing hot in *Cupid's* flames.

Fra. 'Tis too late now. Farewel, remember.

Lod. Farewel.

[*Ex. severally.*]

Scena tertia.

Enter Grimani, Otrante, Flora, and Giacomo.

Gri. Come, come, young Wenches must not be lazy, I must not have you spend your time in prinking and pranking your selves and gadding abroad. Idleness and eating breeds Diseases.

Fla. Even as much money and no brains breeds Senators. [*aside.*]

Gri. Your Mother at your years drove another guests Trade, I can tell you.

Fla. Why, Uncle, she did not weave Bone-lace and Inkle, I hope, did she, sure my Aunt was better bred.

Gri. No, *Cicily*, but I'll make you do't, and you anger me.

Fla. Faith, Uncle, do but make your Man *Giacomo* amongst his Acquaintance, provide each of us with an old Hat, a Broomstick, a Shuttle, and a frize Jump, turn us out under a warme Hedge, my Cofin and I will set up for our selves.

Gia. Sir, if you please, I will procure them to work journey work under my Mother, she and my Sister are of the same Vocation.

Gri. Sirrah. Well, Gentlewoman, you and your Cofin long to

to be gadding, If I should take you at your word, you'll hardly stand to it.

Flo. Try us, why have you the Conscience to make Prisoners of us, and use your own flesh and blood so hardly.

Otr. Prethee *Flora* don't vex him.

Flo. Here you Storm and Rave at your Daughter, are jealous and suspect you know not what, she, tender hearted thing puts finger in eye and cries, and puels and pines her self to nothing, for my part, I believe you'll be the death of her, she will not take my counsel, and she would, 'twould be the better for her.

Gri. Why, what's your Counsel, Mincks?

Flo. Even to let you talk on, and not heed it.

Gri. Very well, Hufwife; be quiet and hold your Clapper still, or I'll hire somebody to marry thee, shall beat thee twice a day, feed thee with hard Eggs and Onions, allow thee no Cloaths, but what thou spin'st thy self, and lye with thee but once a Quarter.

Flo. Uncle, you shall ne'r choose a Husband for me, nor for your Daughter neither, if I can help it.

Otr. Dear Sir, mind her not, you know she's a wild Wenck, and let me beg you drown your jealousies, you but disturb your self and render me the most unhappy Creature living, you know I have ever been all obedience, and howsoever your troubled mind may raise some fears within you that I may deceive you, believe it, dearest Sir, I so love vertue and honest thoughts, that all your Argus eyes, if they were doubled, cou'd not keep a watch more strictly on me, than I do on my self.

Flo. Law you there now, Uncle, there's a speech for you, shou'd you make such a one in the Senate-house, we shou'd have you brought home a pickpack in Triumph, will not this content you?

Gri. Come, come, this won't serve your turns, I must have you do as I will, and Mistress nimble chaps, if I find you do any thing to draw her from her Obedience, I'll turn you grazing upon the Common.

Flo. Marry, wou'd I were there once.

Gri. I am going out, see you keep good Orders within doors, I'll allow you the privilege of the Garden this Afternoon, but I'll take care you gad no further, come, *Giacomo*, lock the door after you, and put the key in your pocket, I'll make you know your selves,

selves, I hold you a groat.

Flo. Marry Gour go with ye, old Uncle. [Exit Grima.]

Otr. O Heavens! how wretched have you made the state of Women, you make us fair, but yet that Jewel Beauty, you set so deep on foys of misery, as if you strait were angry at your selves; that you had moulded those your features lovely, you make us subject to our Parents humours, when Maids, when married, to our Husband's wills, and yet in either State such your Decrees you plant in us a will to disobey.

Vertue must bear me up, and thanks to Fate,
I can be good, although unfortunate.

Flo. Most Phylosophically concluded; Cosin, you'll ner'e be worth the Bread you eat, till you leave making of speeches.

Otr. O *Flora*, would I had half thy mirth.

Flo. I cannot spare a Dram of mine, but if you will go down into the Garden, I'll teach you how to get some of your own, if you will be ruled, come, come, away, if you tarry here, you'll be making of more speeches.

Otr. I should dye, were it not for thee, and yet dee ye hear, you should not talk so to my Father, it is not handsom.

Flo. O Madam, there is a long score driving on, he and I must reckon for that at last. Come, pray lets go.

[Exeunt ambo.]

Enter Lodovico, Prospero, and Alberto.

Lod. Troth, *Alberto*, thou art the strangest fellow living, what do'st thou do with this bundle of Mistresses?

Alb. I'll tell thee, I have employment for them all.

Pro. Thou do'st not let them out, do'st thou?

Alb. No, Sir, nor keep them at Livery neither, you were going to proffer Custom, I warrant, I'll tell you what, Gentlemen, I am resolv'd, because I find I am at great expence in buying Rimes and Monks for so many, I will invite them all to a Cellation, and there before you two I'll make my choice, or if I have cause enough to take pet, I will leave them off.

Lod. A rare way, but art thou in Love with so many Women?

Alb. Yee,

Alb. Yes, as much as a man need to be with so many, I believe you are in Love as I am too.

Lod. Troth, not so much, though that be as little as need be, I dread a Woman as I do an Adder, and think them all Laplanders, they must clap a strong spell upon my heart, or 't renders, what think you, *Prospero*?

Pro. Why, I think you and *Alberto* will be married both of a day, for you can love no Woman in earnest, and he loves all Women in Jest.

Alb. Marry en'e like enough, and yet let me tell you, Gentlemen, I have a Mistress that shall be nameless, whom I love above all the rest, but monstrously for her good qualities.

Lod. Pre'thee what are they?

Alb. Why, she calls names and sells bargains the best of any Gentlewoman about the Town.

Pro. Who is't ha's these excellent endowments?

Alb. Nay, soft there, I'll not cry Roast-meat, I keep her for my self. Come, Gentlemen, where will you go for two or three hours, I have a great mind to be merry this Afternoon?

Lod. Go to the Tavern, where our Club is, and I'll be there within this hour, I have a little business here.

Alb. Away then, come, *Prospero*. [Ex. *Alb.* and *Pro.*]

Lod. I wonder *Francisco* comes not, I cou'd wish he wou'd disappoint me, I wou'd forgive him with all my heart, and there were not a Woman in the business, 'tis ten to one he wou'd, but now he will be too punctual.

Enter Francisco.

See, he comes, *Francisco*, you may perceive how just I am to my promise, I am here before ye, are you ready?

Fra. Thanks dear *Lodovico*, I am prepared, I met the old Man two Streets off, he is safe: stay here and watch till I go in and fetch her out, it will not be two minutes now, till I am happy. My best *Lodovico*, how I am obliged to ye. *Exit Fran.*

Lod. That is as it happens, pox of this Catterwauling, were I bound Prentice to these Amorous Employments, I should hang my self

self in one Moneth to get out of my time, now must I let my chaps in Order to say some fine thing to the Woman, let's see, I'll ask her when she was last at the Tennis-Court, mischief on't, I shall be absurd do what I can, no matter, when I get off her, I'll ever after forswear coming near a Woman, or having any thing to do with a Womans business, they come, ha ! how now, all in tears ?

Enter Francisco, pulling in Otrante, Flora follows.

Otr. Good Sir, as you had a Mother, pitty my Youth and do not blast mine honour.

Flo. Unhand her, uncivil Rascal, if I had but as much as a fire shovel, I would dash out thy brains.

Otr. Peace, *Flora*, I know you are a Gentleman, for Heavens sake free me, ask what ransom you will, it shall be yours.

Flo. A Halter for him, see what a hanging look he has, the Gallows groans for him.

Lod. I don't understand this.

Fra. I ask no Ransom, 'tis your self I covet, and since Fortune has so befriended me, to put you into my hands, I'll make use of the benefit, and make you mine.

Flo. You shall be hanged first, you stinking Varlet, I'll raise the Town upon thee, and make the Apple-Women brain thee with Codlings.

Otr. O Sir, for Heavens sake, if there be any thing you prize or here or there, for that fair sake dismiss me now, or if my Maiden tears cannot prevail so much, be but so good to kill me, I'll forgive you freely, and thank you.

Fra. I will not hurt thee, fair one, nor intend I to fix a stain upon thy Maiden honour, I mean to marry you.

Flo. Thou shalt eat her as soon, thou Hell hound — take me I have not so much as a Bodkin about me, if I had I would —

Otr. If you force me to that, it will be e'en as bad, for I shall never love ye if constrain'd, pray let me go, were it not better Court me like a Gentleman, I am gentle natur'd, and where I am won by sweetens, can love dearly, but where I am forced, I hate as deadly.

C

Fra. I

Fra. I must leave that to the venture, I will not forgoe a certainty to feed on fickle hopes, come, you must away.

Otr. O Heavens! is there no help?

Flo. Help, help, help.

Lod. Pre'thee *Francisco* what means this? Did you not tell me she was willing?

Fra. Why, you see she is, only her Kinswoman there, was not acquainted with the Design, pre'thee go stop her Larnie.

Lod. But I heard the Lady cry out too, see, she weeps there too, sure all is not well.

Fra. All's well, I tell you, 'tis but a little fright, she's pleased for all these Clouds, pre'thee go lead that little Tempest there.

Flo. I'll run out and fetch some body, or else I'll bawl my throat out.

Lod. Hold, good furious Gentlewoman, your Kinswoman is pleas'd, and though you were not acquainted with the plot, it was of her own laying, the Gentleman is a person of Quality and Honour, and at his House you will find a reception fit for the Kinswoman of his Mistress.

Flo. What a nasty ill-bred Puppy art thou, to tell me such a notorious lye to my face, you are his Comrade, it seems, advise your fellow Rascal to quit us as he loves his Neck-joynt, you Cowardly Curs, you durst as well be hang'd as meddle with Men with Swords in their hands, now you have got us in your pound, you strut like two Crows over a gutter: Consider and be hang'd, for if you don't, and let us go, you will be hang'd.

Lod. So, now I have pull'd an old house upon my head, in my Conscience, this should be *Alberto's* Mistress, by her calling of Names, but indeed, pretty Gentlewoman, 'tis very true, ask the Lady.

Flo. Ask a halter, thou Mungrel, thou wilt make me scratch thee by and by, do what I can.

Lod. Sure I am deceived, see the Lady weeps still, heark you, *Francisco*, I am half perswaded you have abused me, the Lady cannot be willing.

Otr. Willing, to what, Sir?

Lod. To go with the Gentleman.

Otr. Willing, alas, I am forced, basely constrain'd, good Sir,

if you own any thing called Noble, compassionate my sad condition, and free me from the fear of losing that to which all life and Fortunes but a trifle.

Lod. Is this true?

Fra. No, no; why, what is it near, come, let's lead them off quickly.

Lod. Nay, if it be so, they shall not be led off.

Fra. Shall not?

Lod. No, shall not, though I never was in Love, I do not like to see a Woman abused, that does not deserve it. I say they shall not be carried away against their wills.

Fra. I do not understand that Language.

Lod. I say, I will see them safe back again.

Fra. And I say, I will carry them away without your help, which you shall see, if you live long enough.

Lod. Try that. [*Fight.* Lodovico drives Francisco off

Otr. This was a Noble part.

Flo. What a Slut was I for calling Names.

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Fortune sometimes crowns the just Sword, Ladies y're free, I'll lead you back again, I am glad it was my fortune to do you this service.

Otr. And it was a Noble one, a thing so done, no time will make the story old by telling, you will be Tutor to the future age. And whosoever wou'd do a Noble deed hereafter, must begin from your Example.

Lod. Pray Madam, spare the Complement. If I did well, the Deed rewards the doing, I am something rough, unus'd to your soft Sex, I cannot say I did it for your sakes, cause you are women, if you had been men, I must have don't, I could not have endur'd to see a good day abused, Madam, you see I am no Courtier, nor er'e like to be.

Flo. No by my troth, not after this rate.

Otr. How ere it was, I am sure my gratitude requires me to pay a Tribute of constant thanks, may I not know from whom my re-

cue comes, for I have friends that use not to be sluggish in the acknowledgment of such favours.

Lod. Faith Madam, no Woman ever knew my name but my Landress, the truth is, I am unfit to be known of Women, I care not much for any of them, and I am sure they will not care for me.

Otr. Sure, Sir, you think us strange Creatures.

Lod. Faith I will believe you to be any thing rather by the half, then try.

Flo. Sure, I shou'd know the Gentleman, it should be he by his discourse *Alberto* has told me of.

Lod. Will you please to walk in, I'll see you safe within your Walls, and take my leave, for I have business presses me.

Otr. Your servant, Sir.

[*He leads them in and comes out again.*]

Lod. The Devils in't, that I should have such an adventure, to be throwa upon a Woman alone, this Lady's a pretty toy, O my Conscience I could love her as much as I cou'd any body, and as long, that is to say (for time,) half a minute and as much as comes to nothing, that's my comfort still. Well, but *Francisco*, I never thought thou had'st been so unworthy, for trust me, if I had, this breast of mine had never harbour'd any kindness for thee, henceforth thou art no more my friend, I scorn to love that man that loves business more then me. But I forget *Prospero* and *Alberto* wait for me; I must not break my word with them.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Grimani and Giacomo.

Gri. Stay, stay, let alone, I'll go in at the back-door, may be I may surpass my two Gossips.

[*Exit.*]

Gia. Faith I can pity these two young Gentlewomen, they have a very heavy hand here with my old Master.

Enter

Enter Grimani crying out.

Gri. Thieves, Rogues, Villains; my Daughter, my Neece, a false key, the door open, undone, undone.

Gia. What's the matter, Sir?

Gri. They're run away, they're gon.

Gia. Were you within, Sir?

Gri. No, Fool, what shou'd I go in for, when the door was open? 'Tis too true, I shall run mad, stark staring mad.

Gia. Pray be quiet, Sir.

Gri. Rogue, bid me be quiet, when my Daughter lost, my family disgrac'd, and my house ruin'd, take that.

Gia. O, Sir, O: why, look Sir, look you, de'e see, th'are here.

Enter Otrante and Flora.

I knew as well as if I had been in their bellies, that they never intended to run away.

Otr. We guessed we heard your loud voice, Sir.

Gri. O, are you come, 'tis well, you have put me in a sweet fright, you have been playing of fine gambols here. How came this door open? Who has been here? Ha, speak, tell me quickly.

Otr. I have a story full of truth as wonder, by that time you had left us half an hour, my Cofin and my self walkt into the Garden, where, suddenly a man at the back-door came in, we know not how, seiz'd me and forc'd me out with him, cries nor intreaties could prevail, but came back empty, as that air receiv'd them (till one) whom to'ther brought for his assistance, betray'd into the Action, by his professing it was with my consent, brought timely aid, and nobly did restore us to our freedom.

Gri. Is this true?

Flo. You might have whistled for us else er'e this time.

Gri. Do you know them?

Otr. No, neither of them.

Gri. 'Tis well, go get you into your Chambers, Ple no more Garden

Garden walking.

Gia. And had you like to have been run away with, Mistress?

Flo. I marry had we, *Giacomo*.

Gia. Alack the day, what a pitiful thing was that, had not you a little Itch to be going?

Flo. No, Goodman logger-head.

Gri. Come, *Giacomo*, up to your Chambers.

[Exit *Gri.* and *Gia.*

Flo. I am confident that I know who the Gentleman was, it must be he by *Alberto's* discription.

Otr. Name him, good *Flora*, name him.

Flo. Why, his name is, let me see, *Lodovico*, I, *Lodovico*,

Otr. What is he?

Flo. I know not what.

Otr. Well, be he what he will be, he is a noble fellow, if I do e're love any, methinks it should be he. Bless me, what storms attend on humane lives, and toss our fortunes upon troubled waves, Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, are but slender Twins, who Sail with them before the Cordage cracks,

And does betray the Cozen'd Boat to wracks.

Yet may we lanch by night (though rude and dark)

And ride it out, if vertue guide the Bark.

Actus secundus.

Enter *Pietro* and *Pesauero*.

Pes. **F**Aith *Pietro*, trading is dead, that's truth on't.

Pie. The want on't will bury me alive, I think, for my part. I have been out of use so long, I am ready to turn honest, and resolve to dye in it.

Pes. 'Tis hard, men will not carry money about them enough for such poor folks as we to live on.

Pie. The very Usurers too (a pox upon them) though they live on

on Candle ends and rotten Apples, will lay out money for strong Bolts and Locks.

Pef. But rather let them rust, then spend a Dinner in Oyl, 'tis wisdom, their bags do sleep the surer.

Pie. Wou'd we had the wakeing of some of them, O I could play them such a Huntsup, not so much as a doublet stirring, or a threadbare Coat for's to be lowfy in, no Sheets or Shirts upon the hedges, sure all people begin to leave off wearing Linnen.

Pef. Why then they will come into our fashion, 'tis strange, I that have been a Souldier.

Pie. And twice strapadod for running from your Colours.

Pef. Would be ashamed.

Pie. To look an Enemy in the face.

Pef. To think of these poor trifles, I do aim at something far higher.

Pie. The Gallows : and may come to it.

Pef. For when I consider.

Pie. How well you deserve it.

Pef. That men are born.

Pie. Sometimes to be hang'd.

Pef. Mistake me not, to be Commanders of the World and Fortune too, I scorn to think of hunger, I trample upon cold.

Pie. That is, you walk barefoot in the streets, do'st see this house, here lives a rich old fellow, *Grimani*, a Senator, that has more bags than brains, what if we two should contrive to ease him of the care and trouble of keeping some of those brats.

Pef. And we take them to Nurse.

Pie. Right, we have some pretty little Trinkets left, we'll wrench a Bar or pick a Lock for a shift.

Pef. Come, let's about it.

Enter Francisco.

Pie. Not too hasty, good *Pesauro*, let's consider on't.

Fra. Bob'd of my Mistress, and baffled by a fellow I brought to help me, it galls my heart-strings, pox on his Puppet honour, before I have done I'll make him rue his honesty, and wish that he had

had been more a knave then I am.

Pes. Shal's do it to night?

Pie. If things hit right man. See, who's that?

Fra. I'll have the Woman too, or miss my aim. I only want some Instruments to employ, and such as I may be assured are truly Rogues, for I'll ne're trust an honest man again.

Pie. Sure the Gentleman comes to speak with us.

Fra. Nor will I ever be honest henceforth my self.

Pie. Hark, *Pesauto*, our Trade will come into credit shortly. Here's a Gentleman Rogue, would he would employ us, he looks this way.

Fra. Ha? What are these? They look like as arrant rascals as ever groan'd under a Gibbet. I'll try, may be Fortune is kind to send them to me, dee ye hear, scare Crows, what are you two, if a man may be so bold to ask you?

Pie. We are two very poor fellows.

Pes. Very hungry fellows too.

Fra. And very lowly.

Pie. Indifferently, and it like your Worship.

Fra. Why then you are without a Metaphor, two very poor hungry lowly Rogues, are you not?

Pes. Troth, Sir, you are a notable gueesser, we are so.

Fra. Why then here is for you, be Rogues still.

[*Gives them money.*]

Pie. Good Sir, we are Thieves, Rogues, Pickpockets, Shirks, Cheats, Pimps, we have all the Querks and Nicety of Roguery, Prigging, Maunding, Padding, Milling, all, all, Sir.

Fra. Excellent Varlets, ther's more money for you, get you better Cloaths, and each of you a Sword, I have employment for you, wherein, if you behave your selves handfomly, you shall tast more of my bounty.

Pie. If we do not, cut our throats.

Fra. Can you break a House well?

Pie. Rarely, we can creep in at a Cat-hole.

Fra. Can you kill a man I have a mind to be rid of?

Pes. To a hair, Sir, name him, he's dead already.

Fra. And can you keep your tongues still?

Pie. You shall carry them in your little pocket.

Fra. Well,

Fra. Well, you are for my turn, meet me here some two hours hence, I'll give you directions and more money.

Pie. We will not fail you, Sir.

[*Exit Fran.*]

O, *Pesauero*, what were we born to, I was once in the mind to have left my profession, but now I would not leave being a Rogue, to be a Senator, come, we must keep two strings to our Bow for all that, *Grimani's* yellow boys won't out of my head, let's view the House a little.

Enter Lodovico, Prospero, and Alberto.

Lod. That's the very house.

Alb. That, why there lives my Mistress, was not there a little the piece of Ordinance near the Lady that you rescued?

Lod. There was, and by your description, she should be your Mistress, *Alberto*.

Alb. Why, so she is, if you had told me on't before, I could have satisfied you that *Francisco* had no interest in *Otrante*.

Pes. Look, *Pietro*, I hope there be some more Gentlemen Rogues, let us accost them.

Pro. See: what are those that look as if they were going to be coyned into paper?

Pie. Gentlemen, do you want any Rogues?

Pes. Seignior, Sir, I and my Comrade are a couple of Vagabonds, that desire to be civil to any Gentleman that comes into our Company.

Pro. You impudent Rascals.

Pie. Right, we are so.

Alb. Dee ye long to have us wait upon you to the whipping post.

Pie. We shall be loath to put you to that trouble Gentlemen, come, *Pesauero*, let's be jogging, those Gentlemen are not for us, they are ill bred, they are honest still though it be out of fashion.

Lod. Dog, you'll vanish, won't ye, or else must we lose time in kicking of you?

Pie. Your Servants, Sir, your Servants.

[*Exit Pict. and Pesauero.*]

D

Pro. Hark

Pro. Heark you, *Lodovico*, pray take a friends advice, and have a vigilant eye still to your self, you know *Francisco's* nature to be fierce, hot, and revengeful, and his late behaviour confirms he dares attempt things base enough.

Lod. I thank your care, but I am too old to fear, if he attempt me single, my Sword shows how to bring me off, and I cannot believe he has so quite lay'd aside Nobleness, as to surprise me with odds.

[*Flora at the door.*]

Pro. I wish it be so.

Alb. Look, yonders my Mistress, I'll be back to her to come to us.

Lod. No, pre'thee don't, I'll be gon if you do, I had enough of her lately.

Alb. Will you never be reconcil'd to a petticoat?

Lod. Not in the mind I am in.

Alb. And thou had'st any grace to make thy self a fortune, thou woud'st court this Wench, she cannot in gratitude but love thee, prethee Court her.

Lod. I'll sell pudding-pies first.

Enter Flora.

Alb. Look, my Mistress comes, say the word, and I'll break your mind to her.

Lod. I'll break your head and you do. Come, *Prospero*, prethee let's be going.

Flo. Why de'e make such hast away, Sir, here's no body will bite you?

Lod. Good sharp Lady, let me go in quietness: I tell you I am not fit for your Company, I'll leave *Alberto* with you: methinks one shou'd be enough for you.

[*Exit Lod. and Prof.*]

Flo. He's a noble fellow, but of a strange humour, will he not endure any Womans Company?

Alb. He has a perfect Antipathy to them, his hair stands an end, and he sweats when he sees them; I have been perswading him to address himself to *Otrante*, he swears he will beg butter-milk first. I have no hopes ever to make him stand nearer a Woman, then the people do to the stake at a bear-baiting, unless I can make him parcel

drunk.

drunk some night, and invite him into a Bawdy-house, I am sure he will ne're come to a parley with an honest Woman. No, 'tis a strange fellow.

Flo. I wonder at him. See, here comes my Cousin,

Enter Otrante.

Otr. Seignior *Alberto*, your Servant. How came you hither?

Alb. I was walking with the brave Sir Knight that killed the Dragon, and rescued the Lady, you know who I mean, who for all his Valour, fled at first sight of your Cousin.

Otr. Do's he hate all the Sex? Was not his Mother a Woman? Has he no Sisters?

Alb. Never had any, and his Mother dy'd in Childbed of him; he hates them all perfectly.

Otr. I am sorry for't, for trust me I believe he is of an excellent Temper.

Alb. He's an honest brave fellow, and as fair a drinker, I'll say that for him, as ever tossed a Tankard, he has no more gall in him than a Gnat. Faith Madam, would you had him, that is all the harm I wish him.

Otr. I am beholding to you, you would have me tyed to one that's sure to hate me.

Alb. An you were in a bed together, you would soon convince him of his error. Madam, your Servant, my pretty Mistress, when must you and I have a little loving discourse?

Flo. Next time we meet, we'll talk on't.

Alb. Well, fare you well, I must go follow *Lodovico*.

Flo. O fare you well, Sir. [Exit Alberto.]

Otr. I cannot get this Gentleman out of my mind, I am never well but when I think upon him, speak Cousin, was't not a noble gallant passage, a thing quite out of the Road of common Gallantry?

Flo. What?

Otr. Why, *Lodovico's* rescuing of us, did'st mark with what a sprightly air and noble garb he behaved himself.

Flo. Sir's the Wind there, why, it was well enough, he's a good thrashing fellow, but I have seen a Butcher at a wake, do

more execution with a Battoon.

Otr. And prethee give me thy opinion, is he not a very handsome man?

Flo. He has a pretty good cudgelling face, put him altogether, the man is a man, and that's all can be said of him: but did you mark how readily he talk't?

Otr. Me-thinks he talk't bravely.

Flo. I am sure 'was very bluntly. I'll lay my life she's in love with him, I hope it is so, 'twill cure her of her melancholy, and if I can teach her but a little spight betwixt us, we'll so order this old Father of hers, that we'll either make him dye quickly, or bring him to use us better.

Otr. I know not what's the matter, but I feel something within me like the thing called Love, 'tis so, I find I love him, and that extreamly, but I do find withall, that I must be the woer, for *Lodovico's* humour is such, he never will Court me. I have thought upon a way, the Fryer, he is not out of the House yet, he shall do it, and yet he shall not neither, and yet he shall too, I will not trust *Flora*, and he is the fittest, for he shall do it, and yet not know he does it. Hark, *Flora*, step in and call the Fryer quickly, make hast, or he will be gone, tell him I wou'd speak one word more with him.

Flo. I go, Madam. On my Conscience she's plotting, there's some hope of her now. [Exit *Flora*.]

Otr. I find that Love has given me a strange Courage, my Engines are at work, if all things hit, I'll swear misfortune makes the keenest wit.

Enter Fryer.

Fri. Wou'd you ought with me Daughter?

Otr. Yes, Father, one thing more I thought to tell you, in which I am to beg your best assistance to help restore me to my quiet.

Fri. Why, is there any disturbs it?

Otr. Alas, there is, Father, I presume you know Signior *Lodo-*

vico.

Fri. I do, but he's a man so full of vertue, and has an humour
estranges

estranges him so much to thoughts of women, I cannot think him guilty.

Otr. Believe it Sir, that's but a fair pretence to hide his loose desires and veil his business, (that I shou'd thus help a man to make him love me.) Know then, he has oft attempted on my honour, by secret bribes, Letters, and Messages, all which I still return'd him back with scorn, yet he on some false grounded hopes persists, and did no longer then the last night bribe one of my servants to convey this rich bracelet upon my dressing table.

Fri. Is he an Imposter then? I'll make him an example.

Otr. But use not too much violence at first, for my soft nature cannot well endure to have him suffer, in life or fame, perhaps if you will employ your Authority, he may desist, and then I cou'd forgive. Good father give him back his bribe, and tell him, chaste minds do scorn the assaults of all temptations, tell him I mean but to see him once more, and that upon his knees to ask me mercy, the sooner he does this, the better. wrongs like mine, expect a quick submission. Each minutes stay does aggravate afresh, but neglect will make me throw off patience, and strive to ruin him, I meant to pardon.

Fri. Daughter, take you no care, I'll tell him home your mind, I am to see him within this hour, when you meet him next, I hope you will find him an alter'd man.

Otr. I hope so too, Father.

Fri. Farewel Daughter.

Exit Fryer.

Otr. Indeed I hope I shall, but not as you mean, *Fryer*, Sure *Lodovico* has wit enough to understand my meaning.

Enter Flora.

How now, *Cosin*?

Flo. Your Father stamps and stares, and calls for you.

Otr. Why, let him call on, and fume on, there's no great heed to be taken on't, do I speak right, *Flora*?

Flo. Most excellent, where got you this spirit?

Otr. No matter, thou see'st I have it, I tell thee, *Flora*, I am like to prove a great politician, I have designs afoot will make mad work,

work, I have abus'd the *Fryer* most wickedly.

Flo. As how, dear *Cosin*?

Otr. My joys have almost made me betray my self, she must not know. [*Aside.*

Gri. within. *Otrante*, Daughter.

Otr. Hark, my Father calls, I come, Sir.

Flo. Well, but your design, *Cosin*.

Otr. I cannot stay to tell thee now.

Enter *Grimani*.

Look, look, my Father, we must make up our mouths, I see his eyes are charg'd with hail-shot at least.

Gri. Very well, Gentlewomen, I must come and fetch ye, must I, is this your duty and obedience? I'll make you and your *Cosin* Councillor smart for this, I hold you a great, before I have done with you.

Flo. Hold, good Uncle, pray take heed, you will lose your wind else with running so fast of the score.

Gri. You poultry prating puppet, do you take liberty to abuse me to my face still, methinks you might be content to do't behind my back.

Flo. There were no sport in that, Uncle.

Gri. Why, must I be your May-game, Gymcrack? De'eye hear me, you Gullflurt, leave your giggling and your flowring, or I will send you to a Cloyster to tame ye.

Flo. I shall make a mad Nun, you will quickly have me return'd upon your hands, Uncle.

Otr. Prethee peace, *Flora*.

Gri. Come hither, *Otrante*, that you may see I have a Fathers kindness and care to see you well dispos'd of, I have provided you a noble match.

Otr. Heaven forbid, who is it, Sir?

Gri. One that has wealth, and will maintain thee bravely.

Otr. I am in no great haste, Sir, I am well content to be as yet I am.

Gri. Why, this is very fine, thou foolish Girl, do as I wou'd have

have thee, or I'll give thee never a groat, dispose your self to love him: 'tis Villanore the brave rich Senator.

Flo. What! the man with the Nose, Uncle?

Gri. Husband, won't you be quiet yet? him I have pitch'd upon to be thy Husband, and I must have you chuse with my eyes.

Flo. Would they were out, though I pawn'd a petticoat to buy a dog-bell.

Otr. Alas, he is old, how can you think my years should let me suit my temper to his humour?

Gri. Come, come, leave your tittle tattle, I'll have it so, I am resolv'd not, and will be obey'd, de'e mark me, I'll leave you a while to chew upon the Cud. [Ex. Grim.]

Flo. Give you joy, Coz, you are like to have a lusty Laurence for your bed-fellow.

Otr. I'll lye with an old house-end as soon.

Flo. Now must you have your face swept over every hour, with a lesson of fourscore, come, 'tis done, you must settle to work, and learn to make Night-Caps.

Otr. Come, 'tis not done, nor ever shall be, I'll be hang'd e're I wed that old Chimney piece, this has new fir'd me, now I am resolv'd, I'll either have *Lodovico*, or lead Apes.

Flo. How, Cosin, what's that you say of *Lodovico*?

Otr. I of *Lodovico*! I did not name *Lodovico* (this bladding tongue of mine, I cou'd bite it off now.)

Flo. Nay, ne're mince the matter, you did speak of *Lodovico*, and what is more; you do love *Lodovico*, never deny it, I know it certainly, and I must tell you I do not take it kindly, you shou'd hide it from me.

Otr. This unlucky Wench has found it out I see, there is no halting before a Cripple, well, Cosin, I will confess then, 'tis true, I do love him, and that with such a doting passion, I am ashamed to't, but cannot help it.

Flo. Ne're blush for the matter, 'tis the wisest thing you have done these two dayes, but how will you contrive it, for he is a perfect woman hater?

Otr. That I consider'd, and therefore did resolve to wooe him first, in order to which I have sent him a Token and a Message, but I had one.

Flo. By

Flo. By whom, dear Madam?

Otr. By the Fryer, *Flora*, de'e mark the Fryer.

Flo. The Devil you did as soon, do Church-men intrench upon the Chamber-maids prerogative? Nay then —

Otr. 'Tis so, come in, I'll tell thee all the plot.

Flo. Well, I see we Women are like Horses, we know not our own strength, till we be in Love.

Otr. I was a fool, but will not be so still,

I am a Woman, and must have my will.

Flo. Well Rimed, Cofin.

[*Exit ambo.*]

Enter Francisco, Pietro and Pesauro.

Fra. In short, I mean to surprize *Grimani's* Daughter this next night, you tell me you have Instruments to break into the house.

Pie. We'll set you in as softly as it were at the door.

Fra. What prize you find besides is your own, I allow it you a lawful booty.

Pes. A noble Gentleman.

Fra. But first I have another business for you, for I am more fond of my revenge, than of my love, does either of you know Signior *Lodovico*?

Pie. Yes, Sir, by sight I do.

Fra. Why then, go find him out, give him this paper from me, and bring me his answer, 'tis a Challenge to meet me to morrow morning, where when he comes, you must be ready to dispatch him, I will be there and help you, make hast and bring me an account in the Evening.

[*Pietro goes, and meets Lod. and sets upon him.*]

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Francisco?

Fra. *Lodovico*, now I shall reckon with you for your last kindness.

Lod. Base Cowards, you shall buy me dearly.

Enter

Enter Prospero, Alberto, drives off the Rogues.

Lodovico disarms Francisco.

Fra. Have I no fortune?

Lod. Now Sir, your life is mine, yet base as you are, ask it, and take it.

Fra. No, you shall never have that advantage of me.

Lod. Well, for all that, to show how much I scorn to be base like you, and know not how to fear you, ther's your Sword, but I cou'd advise you to use both your Courage and that more handsomly.

Fra. Well, *Lodovico*, you force me, though against the hair, to say you are noble, but notwithstanding let me tell you, I hate you, and so fare you well.

[*Exit Franc.*]

[*Pros. and Alb. comes in at these words.*]

Lod. The World, I see, cannot with him to be honest. Gentlemen, I thank you for your timely aid, and now this over, I'll tell you what an adventure I have had with an old Fryer just now, de'e see this Bracelet.

Pro. How came you by it, 'tis a rich one?

Lod. I'll tell you, meeting with my Confessor, he took me aside, and there began to school me, told me it was unworthy to pretend a hate for Women, and yet under that mask endeavour the ruin of a Ladies Honour.

Alb. Thou a Womans honour, I'll be hang'd if thou knowest a Maid from a Mouse-trap.

Lod. That I had often sent her Letters, and Bribes amongst the rest last night this very Bracelet, amaz'd (as well I might) I deny'd all, yet he believed not, but reply'd, the Lady I had abused, thus vowed, unless I came my self and begg'd her pardon on my knees, she wou'd discover all my practises, and leave me open to her kindreds vengeance. This he advis'd me to, or expect what followed, and so he left me, and wou'd not be disabus'd.

Pro. Do you know her name?

Lod. He did not tell it me, and I was so amaz'd I forgot to ask it.

E

Alb. This

Alb. This is some young Wench that has a mind to forgive thee for loving her upon her own appointment, and let thee lye with her to make friends, I'll be hang'd if this be'n *Ostrame*, and my Mistress at one end on't, it is so like her.

Lod. Pish, thou hast the strangest fancies.

Alb. Say the thing be as I guess, what swap will you take 'twixt my Mistress and yours? come, a match.

Lod. Nay, an it were so, I wou'd not be such a fool as to change bottoms. Mine is a lusty Vessel, richly laden, well man'd and arm'd, yours but a little pinnace, a smart Saylor, I think but of no great Service.

Alb. She carries a Chace-Gun in her fore-Castle, makes Sea-room where er'e she rides.

Pro. Is she so loud?

Alb. And when her Powder and Shot's spent, she'll close ye up to handy blows so lightly, I saw her once boarding the Butler's face, she clapt on all her grappling Irons together, down went the Main-mast, all the Sayls were rent, she ee'n almost quite spoyl'd his upper deck, at last the fellow made a lucky shot, hit her 'twixt wind and water, turn'd up her keel and got off.

Lod. Faith, I wou'd she heard you.

Enter Flora.

Alb. So wou'd not I for one or two of my ears.

Pro. Look to it, a Sayl, she's here.

Alb. Mercy on me, here will be a plaugy storm.

Fla. Your Goodman Lockram Chaps, I heard you, Sirrah, never flink back, come, show your buckram face, where did you see this battle betwixt me and the Butler?

Alb. Prethee *Flora* be quiet, I did but jest.

Fla. But jest, you Mungrel, am I to be jested by with you, Sirrah?

Alb. Wou'd I were in the streets, to tell you true Mistresses, I dreamt of the battle before rehearsal.

Fla. Did you so? you dream when you are drunk, and lye when you are sober, a hopeful Lover, I had a dream too.

Alb. After you were Drunk, Mistresses.

Fla. No,

Flo. No, no, I dreamt I was drunk, and fell in Love with a hatchet-faced fellow, some resemblance he had of you, the Butler you dreamt of was *Sir Amadis* to him, methought I was told his Cardinal Vertues were drinking, wenching, swearing, lying, and for these heads many of these branches first.

Alb. And yet you lov'd him still.

Flo. Now I am awake no more then I do to be cross.

Alb. Do you not lye now?

Flo. I am just beginning to practice truth, on my Conscience I ly'd when I said I lov'd you, and never knew it.

Alb. Well, *Flora*, if we must part in a dream thus, why then farewell for ever.

Lod. Look, look, the wind is down.

Pro. The tyde is turn'd too: how fast it ebbs.

Flo. But heark ye, *Alberto*, we did but dream.

Alb. Observe Gallants, I have tricks too.

Flo. We are but both in jest.

Alb. For my part I am in earnest.

Flo. Say that word again, and faces about, take heed, my turn is next.

Alb. Well, *Flora*, you know I love ye.

Lod. Observe, Sir, she has tricks too.

Flo. Well, we are friends then, no more dreams nor tricks. This scurvy business has almost made me forget my Brand, Signior *Lodovico*, to you I come, and hate Women as much as you will, I must speak with you.

Lod. If you must, there is no remedy, pray be short.

Flo. Thus then, did you ne're hear the story of a Fryer, a Bracelet, and a fair Lady?

Lod. Can you tell me the interpretation of it?

Flo. Suppose I shou'd: say *Otrante* the Lady you so nobly rescued, enamoured of your Gallantry, it may be a little too of your person, and knowing your avernesness to our Sex, woo'd first, and sent it you, wou'd you take it ill?

Lod. Prethee good she Serpent don't tempt me, *Alberto*, thy guesses were right, the Bracelet came from that Lady.

Flo. Speak softly, good Sir, may these be trusted?

Lod. I warrant you.

Flo. Why then in plain termes, my Cofin loves you, and desires to fee you, and talk with you, and if you be fuch a Clown to refuse her, let me tell you, you are—

Lod. May no names good fairy: come, your advice, friends.

Alb. If you do not love her, 'tis pittie but your hide were pull'd over your ears, and tann'd to make riding gloves.

Pro. Pray be advis'd, if you perfue this humour of averfiness to Women too far, you will be put into the Chronicle for a wonder amongst the great Snows, and blazing Stars.

Lod. Must I then forgo my Liberry, and effect the Title of a good womansman, the Woman is handfom, that is the truth on't, and she will have me love her, who can help it, what must be, must be; present my service to her, and tell her I will come to her as soon as I can, and bring her Bracelet again, with which she baited the Fryer, to fish for me.

Flo. And is that all the answer I must carry her?

Lod. That's more than ever I sent to a Woman before, if you have a mind to say any thing more, add it your self, and I'll stand to it. Adieu Dainty, come, Gentlemen, in troth I am afraid I shall be spoyl'd.

Flo. Hark, *Alberto*, let me see you about half an hour hence; I wou'd fain speak with you.

Alb. My pretty Rogue, I'll come to thee.

Flo. My Cofin has given me a fine employment here, to Court an unhewn fellow for her; my Uncle wou'd be strangely fond on me, if he knew what business I have been about, see, here he comes.

[*Ex. Maria Flora.*]

Enter Grimani and Giacomo.

Gri. It must be so, there is some smooth-chin'd Youth she has a smarting at, she wou'd never have refus'd the proffer else: how now, *Flora*, where's your Cofin? go call her hither, I would speak with her.

Flo. I shall, Sir; O dainty, my Uncle speaks kindly.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Gri. There is no other way, I have got a Fryers habit already,

I shall hear her confess all. *Giacom*, did you never observe my Daughter to have a liking to any young Gentleman about Town.

Gia. Not I, Sir, but I suspect there is something in the wind, for my young Mistress and Mistress *Flora* do so whisper and laugh, and laugh and whisper, and blush, and laugh again, as passes.

Enter Otrante and Flora.

Gri. 'Tis well, they come, I must speak her very fair, how do'st thou, *Otrante*? my poor Girl, thou look'st not well, thou stay'st too much within doors, why do'st thou not go abroad and take the Air sometimes?

Otr. Your last command, Sir, made a Prisoner of me, which I do so religiously observe, that I have ty'd my self to a confinement, because I thought you liked it best.

Gri. Alas, poor *Otrante*! I was somewhat hasty then, thou shalt abroad, when go you to your Confession?

Otr. Within this hour, now you have given me leave.

Gri. Precisely an hour hence?

Otr. Unless you countermand me (why does he enquire so strictly?)

Gri. Will it be just an hour?

Flo. What a Devil, he won't contrive her himself.

Otr. Yes Sir, and I doubt I smell a plot, he does not use to speak so kindly for nothing, if it be so, I'll fit him to a hair.

Gri. An hour hence you say, hum, I must into the Town about business, Farewell, *Otrante*, I shall meet you before you are aware.

[*Exit Gri. and Gia.*]

Otr. *Flora*, I will be hang'd if my Father don't turn Fryer.

Flo. I am half of the same mind, if he do.

Otr. I have a pudding pat for his mouth.

Flo. And if I with *Alberto's* help don't do him some mischief too, I'll give him leave to choak me.

Enter Alberto.

Otr. Come, let's go think on't.

Flo. I'll

Flo. I'll follow ye, I will but speak one word to *Alberto*.

Flo. Where go you?

[*Exit Ott.*]

Alb. To the Tavern to meet a knot of merry Lads of *Greece*, to laugh and crack a bottle, w. I drink thy health.

Flo. Now I will try if you love me, you must not go this hour yet, I have some business for you.

Alb. Marry thou try'st me to the quick, there I shall be curst to Hell, no matter, I'll tarry, what must I do?

Flo. First, get yoursome disguise, for that is necessary to my design, then come to me, and I'll direct you and give you your Cue, we shall have some sport.

Alb. Well, little unlucky Varlet, Mistress Wife that must be, I will not fail. Farewel.

[*Exit Alberto*.]

Flo. Do so, the plot is laid, we shall have sport, One side will curse, and to ther thank us for't.

[*Exit*.]

Actus tertius.

Enter Grimani and Giacomo with a Fryer's Habit.

Gri. **H**ere, *Giacomo*, take my Cloak, my Hat, my Ruff, so, now help me off with my Doubler, give me the Weed, well, how am I disguis'd?

Gia. Most admirable not to be known.

Gri. Does the Habit sit right?

Gia. So venerable, it makes me ready to call you Father, but that I know ye are my old Master still in the inside.

Gri. 'Tis well, 'tis well.

Gia. If I stay by you but a little longer, I am afraid I should forget that too, and fall a confessing the sins of my youth.

Gri. Thou art a merry fellow.

Gia. Pray Sir, take heed you meet not some of your Brother Fryers,

Fryers, lest they ask you some scurvy questions in Latin, I am in a great fright to think how you will do to answer them.

Gri. Why, I can speak some Latin, *Giacomo*.

Gia. You Latin, speed you, Sir, if you turn Secular upon this, I hope I have Latin enough to be your Clerk.

Gri. *Giacomo*, I'll walk a little, they will be here by and by: but be not you seen by them, and be sure be within call with my Cloaths.

[Exit Grimani.]

Gia. What a mad Morris are my old Masters brains a dancing now, let me see, he was first a Merchant, there he broke compounded for his debts, and with forty Crowns set up for a pawn Broker, thriv'd upon that and grew into an Usurer, from thence into a Senator, and now is translated into a Fryer, but if he have no more Religion in that than the rest of his devout occupations, I'll be bound to dine upon his beads, if he should trappan my young Mistress now, it would grieve me to the heart, he has enjoyed me silence upon my life, and I have about twenty times sworn to him, that I am dumb, yet for all that, if I meet the young Gentlewoman, I'll give her a hint, I foot here's Mistress *Flora*, I must hide these things.

Enter Flora.

For if she discover it, she'll make him horn mad.

Flo. Hold, *Giacomo*, why so hasty? what ha' you got there, a piece of Midwifery?

Gia. Pray forsooth keep on your way, I am in hast.

Flo. I'll only know what you have got there, I am afraid 'tis a little piece of Infantry.

Gia. What if it is, nay, pray be quiet, I am not at leisure to give you an answer now.

Flo. Nay, but I am resolv'd, I will see now, for my minds sake.

Gia. Why now you have seen, what are you the better? 'Tis only some of my Masters things, I am going to the Taylors to mend.

Flo. Why, do my Uncle's Taylors make Ruffs and Hats?

Gia. Nay, pray Mistress, indeed I am in hast, I fear she has found

found it. [Exit Giac.]

Flo. Why, this was to my wish, I see our suspicion was not ill-grounded, I did intend *Alberto* should play them some prank, and I knew not what, till good fortune now informed me. Saint *Albert*.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Well, Mistress mine, you see I am metamorphos'd, what's to be done now, I wou'd fain be at liberty?

Flo. Only thus, stay here about but two minutes, and you will leight upon *Giacomo* with a parcel of things under his arm, those you must take from him, carry him aside, bind him and gag him.

Alb. But why must poor *Giacomo* be us'd thus hardly?

Flo. There's reason for't, you shall not know, all things are ripe, it will produce a full mouth'd laughter, be sure you do't or all will be spoyl'd. [Exit Flora.]

Alb. Well, little piece of mischief, you shall be satisfied: what more testimonies of love wou'd this Vench have, then for me to leave my Company, and my Drink, and turn down-right Rogue for her sake, unless she wou'd have my heart's blood out.

Enter Giacomo hastily.

O here comes the Youth I must practice upon. Stand.

Gia. 'Tis but one bodies work, you may do it your self, my business is going. [Flora peeping.]

Alb. Stand, or I'll cut your throat, come, deliver me those things.

Gia. Ha, ha, ha, that were a good jest, I faith, the fellow takes me for a fool sure, prethee friend be quiet, I am not at leisure to jest now, some other time.

Alb. Death, you dog, whelp, do you laugh, this is not jesting, is it?

Gia. Murder, murder.

Alb. Sirrah, another word, and I'll cut your tongue out.

Gia. Good Sir, take my goods, and spare my life.

Alb. O,

Alb. O, Sir, are you out of your jesting humour: nay, stay, you must along with me, I have some employment for you too, as well as for your ware.

Gia. Good Sir, pray Sir, my Master has sent me in haste.

Alb. Come, along, hang your Master.

Gia. With all my heart, but pray have me excus'd at this time, another time I'll wait on you.

Alb. Along, along, I'll prick you forwards, if you hang an arse.

Gia. O good sweet Sir, what will become of me? [Exit *ambo.*]

Enter Otrante and Flora.

Flo. He has met with him, the Games begun, if you shou'd prove a Coward now, all were lost.

Otr. I warrant thee, Wench.

Enter Grimaldi in the Fryer's Habit.

Look, he comes, 'tis he, my guess was right, it is my Father.

Flo. Stay, let me see, 'tis he, I know him by his wall eyes.

Gri. 'Tis certain, she may serve me tricks, Fathers are Lords of the mannors, but others come sometimes and hunts the Game up, I shall know by and by, they are here, now to the work.

Otr. He moves towards us.

Gri. Heavens blessing guard my Daughter, do you want ought in this place?

Otr. Take your Cu, Cofin: Holy Father, I come to pay a duty of a Devotion Heaven challenges from all, can you direct me where Father *Dominico* is, 'tis he I look for?

Gri. 'Tis not two hours yet, since a sudden sickness so roughly seized upon that old man, that he was forced to take him to his bed, he call'd me to him, and put me in trust to execute his office in this place, I think your business is to me then.

Flo. I wish a lye wou'd choak thee, thou hast told a loud one, wou'd do thy business?

F

Otr. Alas,

Orr. Alas, I grieve for him, then holy Sir, since he has trusted to you I will presume that I may do so too, and tell those gruffs which I intended none but he shou'd know, for so say truth, I came at this time hither not to confess my sins, but tell my woes, which done, I must employ your pious Counsel.

Gri. Speak then.

Orr. Then know, my Father, Sir.

Flo. Is a scurvy fellow.

Gri. How's this?

Orr. I cannot say I wish I had none, but yet he is such a 'one, a Child less dutiful would put it in his prayers.

Flo. Marry would she, were he my Father, I would try all the Saints in the Kalender to have him sent to his long home, she is e'en too dutiful a Child to him.

Gri. The Devil, shall I endure this?

Flo. He's old and peevish, covetous and jealous, and these attended with their several maladies.

Gri. Pray young Gentlewoman let her speak her self.

Flo. I must do it for her, she is such a modest thing, so overgrown with duty and obedience, she will not tell half, and it were pity to leave out any.

Orr. 'Tis true, nor should I now at length unload my burden'd soul, but that this rigorous cruelty has frighted me both from my peace and innocence.

Flo. He's all diseases both in mind and body, which makes him full of filthy humours, he's as nasty too as his own Closer, His filthy Jayl for money, for none gets out again, there's not a shilling that can escape, and he himself a Jaylor, not a Father.

Gri. I shall bur it with spleen, but I must contain my self, well, all this is not to the purpose.

Flo. Yes, extremely to the purpose, and yet for all his Locks and Bolts, as jealous as if his doors stood open.

Gri. Pray your patience, all this needs not.

Flo. 'Tis the main business, Sir, for if you shou'd not understand her Malady, how could you proportion Physick for her Cure? I must go on with it.

Gri. The down-right Devil is in her, I must endure all.

Flo. Then for his disposition, Father, you will soon conclude that

that to be none of the best : measures by his own bushel.

Otr. Indeed he will hardly trust me at my prayers, suspicious of all my friends and kin'red.

Flo. And yet himself, some say, has a Coles tooth.

Otr. He scarce allows me Gowns and Petticoats, so niggardly, I dare not ask him for the Necessaries of his Family, he thurs me up as if I were a Nun, denies me all the freedoms due to Women, makes me his drudg, and does imploy me wholly in getting broths and Gellies, spreading plaisters. Were he not my Father, I shou'd say more, but I'll silence here.

Gri. I shall e'en run mad, de'e think it becomes you to speak these unhandfom things of your Father?

Otr. If he did things beseeming him, I were to blame : but since I am content to suffer, and ask no more redress then to unfold my sorrows, and that to such a one as you.

Flo. Who, we may be confident will keep them secret.

Otr. 'Tis Charity to hear me.

Flo. You preach Charity, and you must hear her.

Gri. I must be bound to hear my self abus'd, O, I cou'd, that ever mortal man shou'd be thus abus'd, and by his own Child, it makes me sick, sick at heart, O, I shall dye.

Flo. Alas, the Father is not well, O that he wou'd dye with spight.

Otr. Are you not well, Sir, what ails you? Poor man, he looks monstrous ill, look how he stares and goggles.

Flo. Are you not troubled with the falling sickness, Sir?

Gri. I am troubled with two furies that are worse then the diseases of an Hospital, but I shall plague you for this, young Devil-lings, I shall.

Otr. Bless me, the man raves, O for an exorcism.

Gri. I'll make you smoak for this dayes work, I will, look to it, I'll make you both examples.

Flo. Bless me, Cosin, he is stark mad, perfectly distracted, let's be gone, lest he mischief us.

Otr. Good Sir, be patient, we'll send some body to you.

Gri. Devils, Witches, I'll bury you alive.

Flo. Away, away, his fit grows strong upon him, we must run for't, ha, ha, ha.

[Exit Otr. and Flo.]

Gri. The

Gri. The great Devil go with you, Ple follow you with a vengeance, *Giacomo, Giacomo*, come bring my Cloaths, why *Giacomo*, you dog, where are you? not answer, the Villains gone out of hearing, Hell and damnation, all thing conspire against me, to torment me, I shall be discover'd in this habit by some of the Convent, and that will be worse then all. *Giacomo, Giacomo*, he's gone, undone, undone, for ever ruin'd.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Alas, good Sir, is not the fit off yet, Sir? come, let me hold your head, indeed I pittie ye.

Gri. Thou vile, wicked, beastly Woman, wilt thou break my heart? I'll plague thee.

Flo. Fye, Sir, a man of your Coat so passionate, and give such bitter language.

Gri. Thou Devil in Womans shape, thou knew'st me well enough, thou damn'd thing, thou.

Flo. Who I? I know you for no other then the Fryer whom *Dominico* being sick sent to confesse my Cofin.

Gri. Yes, kate, you do, you do know me for your Uncle, for all your dissembling, whom you and your crackt Cofin have us'd so finely betwixt you, but I shall maul you for't, Gypsies, I shall.

Flo. Fye, fye, Sir, you my Uncle? Alas, you are a Holy man, and may Convert him, preach to him, Sir.

Gri. Upon what Text, Mistress *Machiavel*?

Flo. *Drives* and *Lazarus* were an excellent Subject for your discourse.

Gri. You will not know me then?

Flo. Alas, good Fryer, you are charitable in being content to take his name upon you, but you will undo him, Sir, with gentleness, use him sharply, he's the better, appoint him for his pennance once a day to throw away a boy or two.

Gri. Why not his unlucky Niece?

Flo. O Sir, she will fight upon her feet like a Cat.

Gri. And she will scratch too.

Flo. Only her Cat fac'd Uncles, his Daughter too is *Cattie*.

Gri. I

Gri. I do believe she has that vertue at her fingers ends, that same Uncle of yours will put you in a sack together.

Flo. Then shuffle, Sir.

Gri. Into the Sea. You will not know me, then?

Flo. Troth now I think on't, I have a way to know who you are, I'll go see if there be any Fryer in the Covent, and bring him to compare with you, that way I may find which is my good Uncle.

Gri. What will you do, Hufwife?

Flo. Fetch a touch-stone, a Fryer to try an Uncle.

Gri. Why, thou wilt not undo me after all, will ye?

Flo. O, by no means, Uncle, nay, I'll keep your counsel so far too, that I will have but one ballad made on you, I'll go call him.

Gri. Nay, stay *Florá*, good *Florá*, I'll forgive thee.

Flo. I am deaf to all entreaties, I will not lose this sport of this piece of mischief to be the Queen of fairies, I'll go fetch one instantly. [Exit *Flora*.

Gri. O, this Wench will undo me, ruin'd for ever, but I am e'en justly serv'd, for I have us'd them too barbarously. O, this Rogue to be gone now with my Cloaths, there is no avoiding the Prior, I must expect to have my purse drayn'd sweetly. *Giàcomo*, *Giàcomo*, he hears not, he shall smart for this, and that soundly too.

Giàcomo rowls in bound.

Gia. Aw, aw, aw, o.

Gri. How now, what *Giàcomo*, bound and rifled? speak Rogue.

Gia. Aw, aw, o, aw, o.

Gri. Gagg'd too, and rifled too, in my Conscience I must set him at liberty, so now, how came you in this pickle? where are my Cloaths, Sirrah?

Gia. Oh Master.

Gri. Speak, Sirrah, where are my Cloaths?

Gia. O Master, never was any man so serv'd, so lamentably abus'd as I have been.

Gri. Yes, Rogue, I know one has been worse.

Gia. Going along with your Cloaths, there meets me a boyssle-
rous

rous fellow with a two handed sword, he drew upon me, and alas, you know, what cou'd a poor naked man do? took all your Cloaths from me, basted me ill-favouredly, and at last bound and gagged me, I heard when you first called me, but an I shou'd ha been hang'd, I cou'd not rowl any sooner to you, then I did.

Gri. The Devil and ill luck conspire together to spite me. I know not what to do, there's no staying here, and in this Habit; home I dare not go through the streets; here, Sirrah, help me off with this cursed weed, give me your Doublet, Coat, and Cap.

Gia. And what shall I do, Master?

Gri. Go hang your self, Rogue: come, strip, strip.

Gia. There they are, Sir, must I put on the Fryer's Habit?

Gri. If you have a mind to be flead, go carry them home where you borrowed them: but stay first, han't you the key of the house?

Gia. Not I, Sir, Mistress *Flora* has it.

Gri. The Devil she has, nay then I am quite ruin'd to all intents and purposes, what a bed-rol of mischiefs have lit upon me one after another? I must run some whither and hide my self, but where I know not. Go, *Giacomo*, about your Errand, when you have delivered it, return, and find me if you can, for I'll try to lose my self.

[Exit severally.]

Scena tertia.

Enter Otrante, Dominico, and Flora.

Otr. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.

Dom. I must confess 'tis probable enough, for when I told him of it, and return'd the Bracelet, he vow'd he knew not that, nor you.

Otr. I can no longer hide my just resentments, see here this Letter he within these two hours sent me by an old piece of Iniquity, hid in a Muffler, pray let me beg the kindness of you, Father, to find him out, and give it him back with your own hand, that he may see that I so much scorn him; you may read it at your leisure.

Dom. Daughter, I will, and make him an example to fright all
evil

evil minded men like him, from daring to attempt such noble Chastity.

Otr. I leave it now to your discretion, Father, for I have born but too much already to warn him longer safety.

Dom. I'll do it, and to the purpose, I'll seek him out instantly, farewell, Daughter. [Exit Fryer.]

Flo. Here's a piece of Church work now. This Love has made her a brave Engender.

Otr. Well, *Flora*, but am not I a wicked Wench, to use this good old man thus?

Flo. Troth I believe you will never be Sainted for it.

Otr. Heaven pardon me, had I another way to hope the enjoyment of my longing wishes, I would not use this, but love which draws me to it.

Flo. And that draws as strong as a Yoke of Oxen.

Otr. Makes all consideration stoop to my passion; but *Flora*, did he say he would com.?

Flo. Yes, but neither I nor he knew when, 'tis the untoward'st piece that ever tumbled out of a Woman.

Otr. This Letter, I hope, will bring him to me, I'll up to my Chamber and wash, prethee do thou sit cross leg'd for me, it may bring good luck. [Exit Otr.]

Flo. I see she will have him, let him do his worst. I do but think what a peck of troubles my worshipful Ecclesiastical Uncle is in by this time, I know not how I shall come off with him, the best on't is, I have the key of the House in my possession, and he must come to Composition, before he can get to any more Cloaths. Ha, who have we here?

Enter Lodovico.

Lodovico too alone, musing in a dump, I wonder what wind blows him hither.

Lod. What the Devil shou'd come into this Woman's head to make her have a mind to me? she needs must know I don't care for her, nor any of her kind, 'tis a witty and a pretty Wench, and if she will give her Maiden head, and force it upon me, I cannot help it.

it, 'tis no fault of mine, ha, look if I ha' not lost my way with thinking on her, and the Devil has set me just over against the house, and there is her scout Mistress too.

Flo. Speed ye, Sir, are you saying your prayers before hand to serve you to day and to morrow?

Lod. No, Madam mustard, I am only praying to be deliver'd from ye, can you tell how I came hither?

Flo. Sir, I have deliver'd your Message to my Cofin.

Lod. Or can you direct me how to get back again?

Flo. And she expects the performance of your promise.

Lod. For I am in such a Quandarie, I shall never find the way my self.

Flo. If you will step in now, you may see her, there is an excellent opportunity.

Lod. Or get me a Porter to shew me to my Lodging.

Flo. You don't mind me.

Lod. Not I, by my troth, what was't you said?

Flo. Why, my Cofin, Sir.

Lod. O your Cofin, forsooth, commend me to her, and tell her, I will send her a powder for the Green-sickness.

Flo. I suppose you are turn'd Mountebank, Sir, I shall need some my self too, farewell. [Exit Flora.]

Lod. And you may tell that ——— What, gone? well, 'tis e'n a fair riddance, I have scapt a railing, for I shou'd have vext her, that's certain. Curse on these Women, I am strangely tempted, yet I won't be in Love.

Enter Prospero.

Pro. Lodovico, well met, what, I faith got so near your Mistress Lodging, now I see you will be converted.

Lod. No, you are mistaken, *Prospero*, I was thinking seriously on some thing or other, and lost my way.

Pro. On purpose came I to see how it is like to go with you, but whether do you think I am going?

Lod. Why, to a Wench it may be.

Pro. No, by my troth, I am not so lewdly given, but I am sorry you

you put me in mind on't.

Lod. Whither is't then:

Pro. Why, ee'n to borrow a wheel-barrow, an arm full of fresh straw, and a strong Porter.

Lod. Hay day, what to do?

Pro. To plant them at the Tavern-door, to bring home Seignior *Alberto's* Worship in, I'm sure he'll thank me for't to morrow.

Lod. Poor Gentleman, then we shall have him to morrow undo himself in small-beer and civil Oranges.

Enter Flora running, Grimani following her with a stick.

Flo. Help, help, good Gentlemen save me.

Pro. How now, what's the matter?

Gri. You filthy Carrion, I'll break your bones.

Lod. Ha' you met with your match, little spit fire, who has abus'd you?

Flo. O Gentlemen, that ugly maungy, ill-look foot-boy has hunted me like a Hare.

Gri. I'll tear thee limb by limb, not leave a piece of thee so big as a wall-nut.

Pro. Saucy Rascal, keep off.

Gri. You, what are you that stops me? hinder me not, but let me chastise that damnable Woman.

Flo. O good Gentlemen, let him not come near me.

Lod. What fellow is this? whose man is he?

Flo. Alas, I know not, but he fell upon me in the street, with ill language, which he wou'd have followed with blows, but that the nimbleness of my heels helpt me to this timely rescue.

Gri. You there that guard her, look to your selves, and let her go, you had best, that cursed thing has ingross'd all mischief to herself, if ever there was a Whore of *Babylon* in Christendom, this was her tire woman, and Tutor, and taught her above half her good Qualities, she is the veriest arrant incarnate Devil.

Lod. Impudent Rogue, do you long for kicking?

Flo. That he does without doubt, Gentlemen, pray let him not

want it, O good Sir, save me.

Gri. Rascals, if you preserve her longer from my vengeance, I'll have you both hang'd, and she betwixt you.

Pro. Nay then, Sirrah, you must have it.

Gri. What do you mean, you slaves, you know me well enough, and so does that Monster too, for all her dissembling.

Lod. We know you, Sirrah, why, what are you?

Flo. O Gentlemen, hold your anger, I know him now, alas, it is my Uncle.

Gri. Am I so, Gibcat?

Pro. Your Uncle, what *Grimani*, the rich old Senator?

Flo. The very same, but I admire he should abuse his dignity so much to appear in this habit.

Gri. Do you so, witch, now I hope I may have liberty to use her as she deserves.

Lod. Nay, fye Sir, does this suit with your quality? I thought you had been old enough to have left these boys tricks at these years, ha, ha, ha.

Gri. 'Tis very well.

Pro. A Senator and go a Mumm'ing, ha, ha, ha.

Gri. Very fine, better and better, laugh on, but I shall make ye all smart for't, that I shall.

Pro. and *Lod.* Ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Well, Gentlemen, now let him loose to me, Uncle, pray let you and I come to a parley a little, you know what I know of well enough, though I have not yet discovered your taking a Fryer's habit, and abusing the Church, yet I can do it, and if you be not patient and come to Composition with me quickly, I will do it.

Gri. Do'st thou not consider, Baggage, how thou hast abus'd me already, and dost thou persist?

Flo. All's one for that, I will do it worse, I will set the Inquisition on your back, if you do not come to termes, besides you know I am commander of the Castle, not a rag of Cloaths you get at, you shall foot it in this fine garb, and we shall see you within this hour, at the head of a Regiment of Boys, and then these two Gentlemen and I will laugh at you out of your own windows.

Gri. You will, you say, this is brave.

Lod. This Wench has Roguery enough to vex the whole Senate,
well

well Seignior *Grimani*, you see how the case stands, if you will take a friends advice, compound with her, you see she's resolv'd.

Gri. Why, will you do all these things, Niece?

Flo. As sure as you did to'ther: nay, be quick, I will offer you no more, my Cousin and I can easily make our own safeties.

Gri. What will you do, fly to a Cloyster? I will fetch you out with a murrain to ye.

Flo. No, no, Sir, we'll make surer work than any thing of Religion can afford us, we will ee'n marry some body or other, these two Gentlemen or the next we meet, there are younger Brothers enough about the Town will be glad of us.

Pro. You must close with her, you see there's no remedy.

Gri. Well, *Flora*, thou hast almost broke my heart, thou hast got the better on me, but because I can do no otherwise, I will forgive thee upon condition thou play'st me no more of these tricks, come, give me the key.

Flo. Nay, soft Uncle, two words to a bargain, I must have conditions, and your Credit engaged for the performance, before these two Gentlemen.

Lod. Rare Wench, I cou'd almost find in my heart to hate Women no longer.

Gri. Will you never leave? well, speak your Conditions, if it be a Gown or a Petticoat, and to make no more words, thou shalt have them.

Flo. No, Uncle, 'tis Liberty, free liberty for us to go abroad when we please, to laugh, talk, dance, sing, and take the Air, as other young Ladies do, when, and with whom we shall think fit, to have what Gowns and Dressings we have a mind to, and not to have our Actions pry'd into, by your busie jealousy.

Pro. These Conditions are but fair, you must grant them.

Flo. If you will do't say the word, if not you apprehend what will follow, you know I love mischief.

Gri. I, too well, I see I must grant them, for there is no help for't, well, Gentlewoman, you shall have this Liberty, will that content you?

Flo. Swear then upon your honour to perform the bargain before these Witnesses.

Gri. But then you shall engage to play me no more tricks.

Flo. That's as you deserve, Uncle, till you force me to it, I promise you I won't, will you swear?

Gri. I do swear, but how shall I know you will preserve your honours?

Flo. Let us alone, they'll be safest in our own keeping, bear witness, Gentlemen.

Lod. We do, and we shall expect you keep your word.

Gri. You are a couple of sweet Youths to assist a rebellious Woman in her disobedience.

Lod. We do nothing but what becomes us.

Enter Giacomo in a Blanket.

Gia. 'Tis very cold weather, by'r Lady, were it not for this welsh Cloak I shou'd be starv'd, if I could find my Master now, 'tis ten to one but we shou'd change habits agen.

Pro. What have we here, an Irish Teag?

Gi. O Master, have I found you, I've be sworn I have worn out my shooes in seeking you, I have been at all the Tap-houses in Town, at the Custard-Womans, and her that your Worship bought Pudding-pies of, for your old Stockings. I have been at the Cunning-mans to see if he cou'd help me to you, and because I heard you say you wou'd hide your self, I have been in the Subburbs to try if you were not earth'd in some of those warrrens there, but you were no where to be found.

Gri. I, *Giacomo*, here I am, thy old Master still, all that's left of me, but I have been us'd like a Jew, have you carried the Frier his Habit home?

Gia. Yes, Sir, and he lent me here you may see three quarters of his bed-cloaths to cover my nakedness, I told him what a lamentable pickle you were in, he presents his service to ye, and bid me tell you he is very sorry for your heaviness.

Gri. You Dog, Whelp, have you told him? I shall be discovered by the Rogues babbling, and utterly undone.

Gia. Pray Sir, be not angry, I did it for the best.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha, nay, good Sir, no more fury.

Flo. Pray Uncle be patient, we will do well enough, I warrant you

you the Fryer will be easily charm'd to silence, come, if you will go in, may be I may cast a figure for your Cloaths *Giaco* was rob'd of.

Gri. Well, I must bear, the best on't is, I shall have liberty to fret alone, anger and fury do my heart strings cloy, but patience.

Flo. Perforce is a medicine for a mad Dog.

[*Exit Gri. Flo. and Gia.*]

Lod. 'Tis a brave story, wou'd we knew it all, I will see this Lady, and it be but to inform my self in all the passages of it.

Pro. I see an easie matter will carry you to her, fare you well, Sir, I must about my employment, *Alberto* may be left in the lurch. [*Exit Prof.*]

Lod. Speed ye, I will go see her, I will not, pox of it, I must go drink away this fit, no other way to cure it, but drown ng.

Enter Dominico.

Dom. Stay, *Lodovico*, a word with you.

Lod. The Fryer again, blefs me, what's a foot now?

Dom. I am glad I have lit upon you, there's your Letter that you sent, both that and your's, and now expect the severest censure of the Church, I shall make you an example. [*Exit Fryer.*]

Lod. Another trick, I shall be excommunicated for not loving this Woman, let's see the superscription,

These to the fair Otrante.

Very good, and I writ this I warrant, pfoot, 'tis so long since I wrote any thing, I believe I have forgot, well, to proceed to the inside.

Fairest

Fairest Otrante,

Very good.

I Am flatter'd by my hopes, that you cannot hate one that so much loves you, nor can I believe it, till you please to tell me so your self; this afternoon I hear your Father is to go forth, I will walk before your door, and when you see the most convenient time, be pleas'd to hang a scarf out of your window, and at that sign I'll come and knock gently at your Gate, where if you please to appoint one that you dare trust to let me in, you will admit the most passionate of all Lovers,

Lodovico.

She has promis'd for me more in my name, then I shall e're make good. Um the most passionate of all Lovers,

Lodovico.

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, met in Women. Honest she cannot be, that's impossible, she knows I cannot love her well enough to marry her, besides no honest Woman would e're have made her Confessor her Pander, I see she has a mind I should begin, (to Villanore, for him, her Cousin told me, her Father went to match her to) be it so, I must ee'n do't perforce against my will. Women are Nature's wonders; made for men; First to be born of, then destroy'd agen.

Actu

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Francisco.

Fra. **L**et him be Noble, I will be reveng'd, Honor must veil when Injury commands to strike, and I will do it home, 'tis life must pay the Ransom of my loss, twice he has given me mine, debts which cannot be repay'd, unless the Creditors blood do cancel the Obligation, 'tis too great a shame to let him live, and be his debtor still: These Rogues (though Cowards) I must again employ, they are Villains to my wish, and shou'd I see for other seconds to my last designs, who knows but they may be honest like *Ledovico*, and then I am spoyl'd. No, it must be they, or none.

*Enter Alberto drunk, led in by a Tavern-boy.**Alb.* Boy.*Boy.* Here, Sir.*Alb.* Why Boy, I say.*Boy.* Here, Sir, what wou'd you have?*Alb.* Lead me to that Wench, Boy.*Boy.* Wench, Sir, where is there any Wench?*Alb.* Why, dost thou not see her there, standing with her Arms, a Kemb, a little nearer, Rogue, O sweet Wench, come and buss me.*Fra.* What, *Alberto*, and drunk, 'tis well you are so: had you been sober, I should have reckon'd a little with you.*Alb.* Come, hufwife, shall thou and I have a delicate tumble on this Bed.*Fra.* This drunken puppy takes me for a wast-coateer, farewel, you are sober. [Exit Fran.]*Alb.* Stay, what thou gone sweet-heart, come, Boy, throw me down

down upon the Bed alone then.

Boy. What Bed, Sir? here's no Bed.

Alb. Why, that Bed there, art thou blind, Boy?

Boy. I see no Bed, will you walk to your Lodging?

Alb. Do'st think I am drunk, and talk idly, Boy? Sirrah, I say throw me down there quickly, or I will kick thee.

Boy. For Heavens sake be quiet, Sir, you will be seen else.

Alb. Saucy Rogue, bid a Gentleman be quiet, take that.

Boy. So, now you have laid your self down, for shame get up, Sir.

Alb. What, cannot a man sleep at quiet in his Bed for you, you bawling Bastard, set me some small-beer, get me another Blanket, and put out the Candle.

Boy. Are you mad, why, you are in the street, Sir?

Alb. Then remove me into the Kennel, that no body tread on me.

Boy. If you won't rise, I'll leave you, Sir.

Alb. Be gone, and be hang'd, you but disturb me.

Boy. Fare you well, Sir.

Alb. Sirrah, shut the door after you, and throw in the Key, I shall catch cold if I rise in my Shirt.

Boy. Good night, Sir, you have but a hard Lodging on't, I doubt Sir, ha, ha, ha. [Exit Boy.]

Enter Pietro and Pesauro, stumbling at Alberto.

Pie. Hoy't, a plague on them for laying Logs in the way.

Pes. A log, you Rogue, you alwayes stumble upon your preferment. A prize, a prize, see if he be alive or dead.

Pie. This is a wind-fall, and belongs to the Lord of the Manor, he breaths, only asleep, something drunk I conceive, fo, what a belch was that, he smels of Muscudel and Tobacco lewdly.

Pes. Pick his pockers, and let him stink till his heart akes, go you to'ther side.

Pie. S'foot, here's nothing but brass money and false Dice, and here nothing but an Antidote against the Pox.

Pes. Let's see if that may be worth somewhat, a Syring, is that all? I doubt somebody has been nibling here before us, his Cloak, Hat,

Hat, and Sword, are worth a little, that's the best on't.

Pie. By your leave, Sir, I must make bold to put you in querpo, this hat is something heavy, 'Tis not for your wearing, your Sword too, now you are drunk, you might do mischief with it, a Sword in a mad mans hand is dangerous.

Pef. Try to slip off his Doublet without waking of him.

Pie. Pox on't, 'tis riveted on I think.

Alb. Aw, aw.

Pie. He wakes, away, away, we're pretty well paid for our pains.

Pef. Whither shall's carry them?

Pie. Why, to my old Land-lady's, whither shou'd we carry them? She and her smug Daughter, will make us welcome.

Pef. Well, come then.

Pie. Why do'st not go, you don't strain Compliments at the door, I hope.

Pef. O, your Servant, Sir, I beseech you.

[*Ex. ambo.*]

Enter Prospero.

Pro. 'Tis strange I cannot find him, drunk he is, that's not to be questioned, but whither he's stagger'd, 'tis past my skill to learn: what have we here, an Emblem of mortality, a man kill'd, here has been foul play. O Diabolo, 'tis *Alberto*, nay, there is hopes he may live agen, for though he be dead drunk, I'll try to wake him, *Alberto*, Seignior *Alberto*, stirs not, on my Conscience he'll be the eighth Sleeper, why *Alberto* get up for shame.

Alb. Aw, aw, what the plague ails you.

Pro. A fine short pithy question, and one it seems, he cares not to be answered too, for he's asleep already, *Alberto*, *Alberto*, wake man, and get up.

Alb. Aw, aw, what a troublesome fellow is this?

Pro. Why, here are Rogues come to kill you.

Alb. Go to e'm, and bid e'm stay till I am at leisure, I am very busie now.

Pro. Why, *Alberto*, don't you know me, I am *Prospero*, I am your friend *Prospero*, that wou'd have you wake, and go home to your Lodging.

H

Alb. Stay

Alb. Stay, stay, mafs I think thou art *Prospero*, indeed.

Pro. I, I, come, get up.

Alb. Help me then, fo, where am I?

Pro. Why, in the middle of the ftreet.

Alb. Why, the Devil I am, I thought I had been at home, am not I drunk?

Pro. As heart can wifh, where's your Hat, Cloak, and Sword?

Alb. I know nothing of them, nor any thing elfe, nay, I am drunk, for I find I have fuch a taking in my limbs I cannot ftand, prethee lead me.

Pro. Hold faft, then.

Alb. I am plaguy cold, I have dreamt of nothing but Frofts and Snows, prethee fet fire of a houfe, and lead me to it.

Pro. Come, let's be going.

Alb. March on, march on.

[*Ex. ambo.*]

Enter Pietro and Pefauero.

Pie. Now let's rejoyce over our late fuccefs, as mighty Conquerors in time of yore over their thieving victories, now can we enjoy our felves for three whole dayes together, be idle, lazy, or be drunk, fcol'd with our Hoftefs, kick down the Chamber maid, and domineer like Lords among their Tennants.

Pef. I am all Air, three dayes hence is as far off to me, as three whole years, when it comes, it comes, till then we'll laugh and fmg.

Pie. Faith, thou fay'it true, let's e'en celebrate this Festival with the Song I made of our fellow Thieves, that is of all the World: Hem, pox of this Cold, prethee put down thy hand, and rake my throat.

Pef. Come, fmg, I think thou haft the better pipe.

Pie. But thou fmg'eft with more Judgment.

*The Poets and wits of all Ages and Times,
For wittily stealing were Circled with Bayes:
Old Hefiod rob'd a blind man for his Rimes,
And Terence new v'umpt another man's Playes.*

*The Night does rob the Day of the Sun,
 And Cynthia steals her Brothers Rayes,
 The hours do steal by, and away from us run,
 And Summer cheats winter, to make him long dayes.
 The Soul's a quaint thief, and does subtly devise
 To steal into the Body, when first it comes thither,
 And there she sits safe until a man dyes:
 Then steals out again, no man knows how, or whither.
 The Thief is the only man that lives well,
 The world is his Slave, and Fortune his Friend;
 He understands more than the wisest can tell,
 For he certainly knows what shall be his end.*

*Cho. Thou Rogue, thou Cheat, thou Thief: Thieves let's all be,
 Since the World's a thief as well as we.* [Dance.]

Enter Francisco.

Fra. So merry, I shall spoyle your sport, by and by.

Pef. S'foot, Pietro, yonder's the Gentleman, we are undone.

Fra. Dogs, have I ketcht you? I'll help to mend you mirth, so Jolly with your Doxys too, you cowardly Curs, do you remember how you left me to the mercy of my Enemies?

Pie. O good Sir, forgive us, alas, we did our best; but what cou'd two poor starv'd Creatures do against a couple of cram'd fellows that lives by fighting?

Fra. No matter for that, come, if you have any devotions to say, down upon your mary-bones quickly, for I am resolv'd to cut your throats.

Pef. Alas, Sir, we have neither of us our Beads about us, give us but leave to go and get some body to help us say our prayers, and then use your pleasure.

Pie. Good sweet Sir, be but pleas'd to make use of us once again, and you shall see how faithfully we will serve you: now our bellies are full, we can fight mainly.

Fra. No, Hell-hounds, I'll trust you no more: prepare.

Pie. O good, good, sweet, good, dear, fine, brave, gentle, merciful Gentleman.

Fra. Come, are you ready?

Fes. Good Sir, we are at your mercy, but for Charity sake do not kill us, what can our deaths profit you?

Fra. Why, if I should not kill you, but employ you again, how should I be assured of your fidelity?

Pie. If we don't serve you in any thing, be it never so full of hazard, if you say but the word, then trusts us up the next tree you come to.

Fra. Well, Rogues, if you fail me once more, look to't, I'll have no mercy, I have work for you.

Pie. We humbly thank you, Sir, and will employ our lives to serve you,

Fra. Well, the old business at *Grimani's* house is the thing I still purpose, to night it must be done, therefore if you do assist me, come to my Lodging about nine at night, and I'll instruct you.

Pie. We will not fail you, Sir.

Fra. Farewel.

[*Ex. severally.*]

Enter Grimani, Otrante, Flora, and Giacomo.

Gri. You have us'd me finely betwixt you, but you will repent it both, ere I have done with you.

Flo. Remember your Articles, Uncle.

Gri. Well, Wasp, I will be as good as my word. *Giacomo*, go fetch me down my other Cloak, the Beaver, and the massy Gloves the French Count gave me at *Paris*, and the knotted Cane with the great silver head, I must be fine to meet these Merchants, you Gentlewomen, I advise you to use the Liberry you have got as becomes you. [Exit *Gia.*]

Flo. We shall, Sir, I cou'd wish you not stay out too late, the nights are sharp, you know not how much you may wrong your health, indeed I am careful of you.

Gri. Cunning dissembling Gypsie, I will not hurt my self, I warrant ye, give me my things, lay the others by, dispatch and follow me, up to your Chambers, I'll be at home by nine, and then I have something to impart to ye. [Exit *Gri.*]

Otr. And whilst you are abroad, I have something to employ my self

self about, if *Lodovico* fail not.

Enter Giacomo.

Gia. Is my Master gone?

Flo. I, *Giacomo*, but he shou'd have been advis'd to take the day with him, two heads are wiser than one, yet now I think on't, thou art going after him, and that will be as well.

Gia. Will it so? well Mistress, I'll tell him what you say.

Flo. You had as good be hang'd.

[*Exit Gia.*]

Otr. Do'st think he will come, *Flora*?

Flo. Come, I, why shou'd he not come? de'e think he won't come? that were a good jest, I faith.

Otr. I, but if he shou'd not.

Flo. If it shou'd not rain this twelve moneths, we shou'd have a dry Summer on't. I'll pawn my best Petticoat to a farthing Candle on't, he comes as soon as we hang out the Colours.

Otr. But what if my Father shou'd return?

Flo. Pish, fear not that, he's getting money, a Trade he loves too well, he wou'd not come back to save the City firing, till he has done his business.

Otr. Pray Heaven, he don't, I am very fearful.

Flo. Come, never be faint hearted, I'll go hang out the scarf.

Otr. What bold designs have I adventur'd on? and what Interpretations may they carry? Love blinds me, but I have still this satisfaction within my self, that all my aims are honest and noble.

[*Flora hangs out the Scarf.*]

Flo. Does it hang right, Cofin?

Otr. This mad Wench has don't, I, I, 'tis well enough, come down, I'll wait you in the Parlour.

[*Exit Otrante.*]

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Now I am running upon the Pikes, this is the hour, and here's the house, see the flag of defiance hung out and all, if this shou'd be a trick now to abuse me, as why shou'd I not expect it from

from her that scruples not to abuse the Church and her own Father, If it be, 'twill be a sure warning to me to meddle no more with any of these she vermins, I have no mind to be doing with this Woman now. but hang it. But why shou'd I live in ignorance of what it is? I'll do't an be but to satisfie my Curiosity, I'll knock.

Flo. within. Who is there, *Lodovico*?

Lod. I, the same, that is the bawdy turn-key.

Flo. Come in quickly, that I may shut the door.

Lod. Now, some body pray for me. [*Exit Lodovico.*

A Table, two Chairs.

Enter Lodovico, Otrante, and Flora.

Flo. Now they are together, speed the Plough.

Otr. You see how I have transgressed the bonds of modesty, and as I had chang'd Sexes sollicit'd, where I might have expected an address.

Lod. Madam, you see how willing I am to serve ye, I have conquer'd an humour that was almost invincible, to come and see you, therefore let me beg that employment you have for me to do, let me do it quickly, for I am like fish out of the water here, come, Madam, if you please to send your Cousin off.

Otr. What de'e mean, Sir?

Lod. O, let's withdraw into your Chamber, there's a pallet sure.

Flo. O brave, no more but up and ride.

Otr. Bless me, I am mistaken in the man: is this the brave, the noble honest *Lodovico*? this lustful Villain.

Lod. Nay, Madam, pray let's dispatch, you have a mind I should begin to *Villanore*, I am ready, why do you stay?

Flo. Is this the Courtship you use to Women?

Lod. Why, do they use to be Courted otherwise?

Otr. Yes, Monster, honest Women do, is this the scorning all our Sex, and bidding defiance to Women? I thought you had been noble minded, and not to have been won from strict humour, but by the pitch of Vertue, which perhaps you thought none of us

ever

ever arrived at, and I resolv'd to shew you I was Mistress of.

Lod. Why, are you honest, then ?

Flo. Marry gap, there's a question spur'd.

Otr. Are you a Knave ?

Lod. Nay, 'tis as I expected, I thought I shou'd be abus'd, I knew well enough no woman cou'd love me, and yet I must run my self into the Bryers.

Otr. I hate you now, more than ever I loved you, you have your answer, Sir, there lyes your way, and now report women have vertue and honour.

Lod. Honest, say you, hang me if I am not turning, pray Madam, stay a little, let me look upon you, On my Conscience you are the first woman I ever talkt to.

Otr. Well, look on, Sir, (hang me, I love him still.)

Lod. She is handsome, she's rich, she's vertuous, such a woman is made to be loved for certain, and why shou'd not I love her ? pox I will love her,

Otr. Have you look't enough, Sir ?

Lod. I shall never, can you forgive me, Madam ? I am become penitent, and your Convert.

Otr. If you are truly so, I can.

Lod. I never said my prayers more heartily than I repent, but can you love me too ?

Otr. If your intents be noble.

Lod. Madam, they are Chast as your unspotted self, I was a Heretick to love when I cam hither, but now I am happily your profelite.

Otr. Thanks to my fate, then here receive a hand, and with that hand a heart that has been yours, since first you made the Rampart of my honour, yet do not think me light by being so free, I love ye, I confesse, but vertue in you more than your person, and if you leave that, I must forsake to'ther.

Lod. I'll leave my being first.

Flo. Well, now I see they will have one another.

Otr. Heark, *Flora*, what noise is that ? [knocking within.

Flo. Noise, I hear no noise, 'tis but your fancy.

Otr. Heark, again, O me, my fears.

Flo. Marry some body knocks indeed, I hope not my Uncle.

Lod. You

Lod. You have not brought me, to betray me, Lady.

Otr. Alas, I love you, too too well.

Alb. within. Who, Illo, ho Mistress, Madam *Flora*.

Flo. O, hang him, 'tis my Sweet-heart, *Alberto*, he's gotten foxt and the wine hallows in his head.

Otr. I am glad 'tis not my Father.

Lod. For Heavens sake let him in, he's in a rare humour.

Flo. He'l but trouble us, I'll send him away.

Lod. Good Madam, bring him in, it will be rare sport.

Alb. within sings. { *He took her about the middle so small,*
And threw her upon the ground.

Flo. He will never be quiet till he be let in.

Otr. Beshrew me, I was sorely frightened.

Lod. Well, Madam, since we are thus well agreed, when shall we be married, now I am for it 'as much as ever I was against it, pray say to morrow.

Otr. That's a little too short warning.

Lod. Not for a hasty bargain in Love.

Enter Alberto, pulling in Flora, and singing.

Alb. *He took her about the middle so small,*
And threw her upon the ground.

Flo. If you have any more of that Song, I'll turn you out of door again, you will never leave this Ribaldry, you are in a sweet pickle.

Alb. Bravely scoul'd, wench, I'll so smuggle thee.

Flo. Stand away, and leave fooling, where's your Sword and cloak?

Alb. Vanisht, gone, Hat, and all run away, I borrowed this just now of our Herb-woman to come and see thee, ah ho Seignior *Lodovico* got so near my Cofin, that must be, I am glad to see ir, Madam, this is the Gentleman I told you of, take him upon my word, he's as good a piece of Stuff.

Lod. The Rogue is selling me in Drapers phrase.

Otr. He's beholding to you, Seignior *Alberto*.

Alb. Marry is he, and more he shall be: come, when is't a match, I long to be taking off a garter, I'll go find out the old man and speak a good word for you presently.

Lod. Ha,

Lod. Ha, ha, ha, he is as hot in the head as an Oven, on my Conscience, and he shou'd light on him, he wou'd do it.

Alb. Come, let's sing a catch, hang sorrow, let's be merry.

Flo. Go home and sleep.

Alb. Wou'd 'st have me sleep everlastingly, I have been twice asleep already, once in the High-ways, and since under a Bed, and yet all won't do't.

Flo. Hark ye, *Alberto*, you must needs be gone, you disturb your friend and my Cousin in their Conference, pray go and come again to morrow, and I'll speak with ye.

Alb. Well, I see you have a mind to be rid of me, fare you well, use your time whilst you have it, and be married quickly, lest the old man fore-stall the Marker.

Flo. I shall have a special bargain of him, I must lock him out.

Lod. 'Tis an honest drunken Rascal, { *Exeunt Alberto and Flo.*
But he gives us good advice, pray Ma- { *And enter Flora again.*
dam, let's be married to morrow, I am
loth to trust my self, for fear I shou'd cool again.

Otr. So am I too. Why, is your love so weakly grounded?

Lod. Not so, but you know 'tis a strange thing to me, and I like it so well, I wou'd not be tempted from it, good Madam, if you love me half so well as I love you, you will grant I am sure.

Otr. 'Twill be a mad adventure, what will people say of us? besides, how can it be done?

Lod. Mad let it be, and let them talk till their hearts ake, when 'tis done, 'tis done, let me alone to continue it, I'll bring a couple of friends to night, and *Alberto* shall be one of them, if your Cousin *Flora* will contrive to let us in at the Garden Gate, we will convey you safely to my House, I'll have a Priest ready, and we will all four to work, come, Madam, I know you are so good Natur'd, you will not deny it.

Flo. Faith Cousin, you must e'en do't, strike while the Iron is hot, now or never.

Otr. But what will my Father do?

Flo. He will marry you to *Villanore*, if you don't, and then you may repent at leisure, what say you?

Otr. Well, I will do't, but I am very fearful.

Lod. That word makes me live, Madam, we will be here about

about twelve without fail, you will be ready.

Flo. I'll warrant you, I'll manage things within doors, we're look melancholy for the matter, it will be but one Brunt o' th' Old man's anger, and when the storm's over, all will be well again.

Otr. Pray Heaven, it may : hark again, another knock, if this be my Father I am ruin'd.

Flo. I'll go see.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Lod. Come, do not fear, my fairest, all will be well, how now, who is't?

Flo. Alas, undone, 'tis my Uncle and his Man.

Otr. Ay me.

[*She sinks.*]

Flo. Look to her, is this a time to faint in, call up your spirits, muster all your wits to avert the Storm that threatens you.

Gri. within. Daughter, Niece, the Devil, are you all deaf.

Flo. Who is that keeps a noise there? Dispatch, do somewhat or other, quickly.

Gri. within. Your Uncle, *Flora.*

Lod. I have a Sword, I am sure will bring me off.

Otr. O, do not use it, that will ruin us.

Flo. You my Uncle, you are some cunning Rogue that knows he's gone from home, and come to rob him, troop up, or else I'll wash you from the door, dispatch, for shame.

Otr. Dear *Lodovico*, get under the Table, and lye there close a little, we'll contrive him off some way presently.

Gri. within. 'Tis I, *Grimani* myself, you know my voice.

Lod. Well, if there be no remedy, I must : this is a judgment, come, cover me, am I hid?

Flo. Well enough, I'll let him in.

[*Exit Flora.*]

Otr. Heaven be propitious now, or I am lost for ever, I must take heed my hopes betray me not.

Enter Grimani, Flora, and Giacomo.

Gri. This is fine, that I must stand at my own door so long, and none of you vouchsafe to let me in.

Otr. Indeed our care injur'd our duty, we not expected your return so soon, and so thought it might have been some one else that came with bad intents.

Gri. Indeed

Gri. Indeed I returned sooner than I thought for, what were you and your Cousin doing now?

Flo. Uncle, we were piecing your old Ruffs in the neck, you wear them out extreemly behind.

Gri. Well, lay by your work, we will have a game at Cards, *Giacomo*, go fetch some Cards and Counters, picket, you play well at it. [Exit Giacomo.]

Otr. I am no Gamester, but if you please to play, I'll have a fire made in your Chamber, the Weather's cold.

Enter Giacomo with Cards.

Gri. No, no, 'tis well enough here, sit down, come, list, I deal, how many take you in?

Otr. (I fear I shall be discovered) I take seven, Sir.

Gri. Take them, and I will have all the rest. So now, what say you to the point?

Otr. A little game, some three and fifty.

Gri. 'Tis good hunch out.

Otr. Quart Major.

Gri. And that too, I think the Dog's got under the Table.

Flo. If he be found, he will be made a Puppy of.

Otr. Three Kings.

Gri. No, that's not good, come out, this Cur.

Otr. Nine, and there's ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen.

Gri. I had forgot my Aces, this filthy Dog will bite me by the shins, anon.

Otr. No, Sir, 'Tis a gentle Cur. You have lost your Aces fourteen.

Gri. Come out, and be hang'd, or I'll fetch you out.

Flo. I must have a trick for this, I see.

Otr. Pray Sir, let him alone, he will not hurt you.

Gri. Go fetch me the Dog-whip, an ugly Cur, no other place to sleep in, out, out, to Kennel Bull, go fetch me the whip, I say.

Enter

Enter Flora with a piece of paper and a Candle.

Gia. I'll be hang'd if the dog be there, this is some kind of Miftery or other.

Gri. I cannot play for this Dog, out, out, I say.

Flo. He'll foul the House if you beat him, Uncle.

Gri. Then you may make it clean again.

[Flora pins the paper behind him, fires it.]

Flo. Alas the day, fire, fire, Uncle, look about you.

Gri. Where? where? O thou damn'd Quean.

[Ex. Grimani running after Flora.]

Otr. Ha, ha, ha, this plaguy Wench has helpt us out at a pinch, up, up, *Lodovico*, and be gone quickly.

Lod. Well, I think you have had tryal enough of my love, I wou'd not endure such another bout for the Dukedom. Farewell. *[Exit Lod.]*

Otr. I will not fail you, this Wench will be brain'd, here he comes, he has mist her.

Enter Grimani and Giacomo.

Gri. Hell and damnation, lost her too, I'll burn her for a witch, as soon as I find her, are you there still, go, Magpy, up to your Cage, I'll trounce you, Sirrah, look about for her, and bring her me. *[Exeunt Otr. and Gri.]*

Gia. No, Master, I'll keep her out of your clutches as long as I can, I have locked her in the Buttery, or she had been worried before this time.

Enter Albero.

Alb. You Squire of the body, are not you *Grimani's* man?

Gia. Yes, Sir, what then, how came you into the house?

Alb. On my leggs, and in at that door, how should I come in,

go tell your Master I wou'd speak with him.

Gia. This is like the fellow that rob'd me, but that he has not such a beard, I'll call him to you.

Alb. Now am I just mad enough to do any kind of mischief, I know no more than a Horse what to say to *Grimani*, I have no business with him, but I will talk to him however, I have had a whisking rattle.

Enter Grimani and Giacomo.

Gri. Who is this, wou'd speak with me?

Gia. That's he, Sir.

Gri. What's your business with me?

Alb. Nay, be not angry, sweet Senator, I come out of kindness to see you, knowing I am to be your kinsman shortly.

Gri. You my kinsman, upon what acquaintance?

Alb. Only by marriage; Sir, your pretty Niece and I feel our pulses beat one towards another.

Gri. Rascal, come to abuse me in my own house.

Alb. Nay, good Uncle, that must be: no anger, I beseech you, I have other business with you, namely, to speak a good word to you in behalf of a civil young Gentleman, my acquaintance, one Signior *Lodovico*, that has a month's mind to your pretty Daughter.

Gri. Has he so, this is very fine, and you are a fine impudent Rogue to prate to me thus.

Alb. Ha, ha, ha, take heed, Anthpuitie, you will drop a tile by and by if you wear out your self so fast.

Gri. Out of my doors, slave, I can be abus'd fast enough by my own people, out of my doors, if I light of you and your fellow Rogue, I will mak Rogues of you.

Alb. Ha, ha, ha.

Gri. De'ye grin and be hang'd, *Giacomo*, go fetch me my long sword, out of my doors, if thou stay'st till I come down again, he cut thy throat, Rogue, Ragamuffian, I will.

[*Exeunt Gri. and Gia.*]

Alb. Ha, ha, ha, ha, how have I baited this old Coxcomb,

but:

but am not I a puppy, thus to talk to him? Now will these two poor Wenches be mew'd up, I see I must go sleep the other bout, or I shall never be sober, this drunkenness spoils me,
But that and I so well agree,
That I shall ne're leave that, till that leaves me. [Exit.

Actus quintus.

Enter Lodovico, Prospero, and Alberto.

Pro. Give you good Ev'n, Seignior, or if you please, good
tomorrow, how goes it with you?

Alb. Faith, with much ado I am got sober now, and that's all,

Lod. 'Twas more than time, you were in a rare Condition this afternoon when you came to see your Mistress,

Alb. Pox, I was sober enough to do business, and I think I did you some simple service too, I am sure I did my endeavour.

Lod. Why, what did you for me?

Alb. E'ne as I told you, I found out the old man, and spoke one good word for my self, and two for you.

Lod. Why, was the Devil in thee, thou hast ruin'd all, sure thou dost but jest.

Alb. 'Tis e'ne as sure as that I was hot headed, I stumbled into the house, I knew not how, lighted upon him and spoke the sweetest words to him.

Lod. Was ever such a drunken Rascal, to do these mad things? Prethee what did he say to thee?

Alb. He looked as if he had just come from the Bear-garden, and had himself been baited instead of the beast; he stamp'd, raved, and sum'd so, that I shou'd have been afraid he wou'd have eaten me if he had had any teeth.

Lod. This has given him such an Alarum, that if this nights opportunity

Pro. I shou'd be let slip, there were no hopes hereafter to ground an attempt, and this is the hour, I dare not doubt you will not stick to me, *Prospero*, I wish there were a third Mistress for thee too.

Pro. I'll be careful as if there were, I doubt not but I shall find one time enough, to be weary of before I dy.

Lod. You two stand here, I'll go knock at the Garden-gate, and if *Flora* be as good as her word, I'll fetch you both presently.

[Exit Lod.]

Pro. If we shou'd light of the old man now, we shou'd have mad work.

Alb. If we do, let me alone to talk with him, I ha' got the trick on't.

Enter Lodovico and Flora.

Flo. All things are ready, my Coffin is in the low Parlour, and my Uncle is in Bed, are your friends prepar'd?

Lod. Here they are, one of them is your acquaintance.

Flo. You are a sweet drunken Youth.

Alb. No more of that, good Lowbel.

Lod. Come, let's away to our business, that done, we shall have time to talk.

Alb. I, and to do too, I hope, come, lead up, Madam, we'll follow in Rank and File.

[Exeunt omnes.]

*Enter Francisco, Pietro, Pesauro, with a dark
Lanthorn.*

Pie. We have wrencht the Bar without noise, we are in, Sir, there is so much of our promise perform'd.

Fra. 'Tis well, do but the rest as well, and then I will say you are brave fellows.

Pes. I warrant you, Sir.

Fra. Stay you two here, while I go in further into the house, and stir not a foot till I call you, I will be with you presently.

[Exit Fran.]

Pie. Come,

Pie. Come, *Pesaura*, in the mean time let us employ our selves in our callings, let's see what's to be got, where is the Strye, would we cou'd find the Pigs.

Pef. We'll have them straight, if the old Sow grunt not.

Pie. Come, to the search, look there, what's in that hole? this is the Coal-hole, here's only a scrub broom, two Billets, and three Charcoals.

Pef. Search further man, there may be gold in the bottom.

Pie. Here's an old Frying pan without a handle, I'll lay my ears 'tis the old mans Caudle cup, I think I have a pipkun by the face too, Diabolo, *Pesaura*, I am catch'd in a Rat-trap, that has bit me by the fingers damnable, loose me and eat the meat for thy pains.

Pef. Ha, ha, ha, so, now you are loose, to't again.

Pie. I am half a fraid, I have had fair warning, what's here, old shoes and a basket full of dust.

Pef. Search further. [Shows a yellow close-stool seat.

Pie. Here's nothing else but old Cords and rotten Turnips, two Dish-clouts, and a pewter piss-pot, a brimmer.

Pef. Let's ransack some where else, I warrant a prize, let's see, are there no Cup-boards in the Walls?

Pie. They lye incognito, if there be any, I see none, stay, here's one, hold the Lanthorn.

Pef. What hast thou got, Boy?

Pie. Mafs, here is an old black long skirted doublet, pinck satin, on the breast and sleeves behind, Canvas or Buckram, excellent Husbandry, and here's a pair of musty Lamb-skin Drawers, an old sheath, and a Comb with five teeth, a little greasie red Cap and Glove, and a Cat-skin purse, but not a penny of money in it.

Pef. The old man's Wardrobe sure enough, pox on't, we are like to make but a blew night on't, if we steal nothing but Dust and Cobwebbs.

Pie. I know not what to think on't, there is no venturing further into the house, lest we be surpris'd.

Pef. Plague, I did not come hither to do mischief.

Enter

Enter Lodovico.

Pie. Peace, man, here's the Gentleman.

Pes. Plague on't, he has hindred a good work.

Lod. I wonder what is become of my two friends, all's ready, but I have lost them in the house.

Pie. Seignior?

Lod. O here they are, *Prospero*? *Alberto*?

Pes. Seignior *Francisco*?

Lod. How, *Francisco*, who's there?

Pie. We are here, Sir.

Lod. You, who are you? I am mistaken, I find.

Pie. We are *Pietro* and *Pesauro*, that broke the house for ye, have you got her, Sir?

Lod. What Mystery is this? *Francisco* broke into the House.

Pie. If you had staid a little longer we had fir'd the house that we might have all run away safe by the light.

Lod. Had you so, Dogs, I'll make you sure.

Pes. We are mistaken, 'tis *Lodovico*, have at you, Sir.

[*Fight.*]

Lod. Yield Villains.

Pie. There is no good to be done, we must run for't.

Lod. What a damn'd misfortune is this? I see I must have another bout with *Francisco*, 'I had better nee'r have been in Love, but I must through, this Lanthorn may do me some service.

[*Exit Lod.*]

Enter Prospero and Alberto.

Alb. Did you hear *Lodovico*'s voice?

Fro. Yes, and loud too, he has met with some resistance sure, but all's hush't, wou'd he wou'd come.

Enter Francisco.

Fra. Unless my ears deceived me, I heard a noise and clashing of Swords, I wou'd I were off safe, O here are my Rogues, I hear their tread, *Pietro*?

K

Alb. O,

Alb. O, are you there? I thought we had lost you.

Pro. What made you so loud, have you met with any danger?

Fra. You Rascals, do you fall out with one another, and make a noise to ruin me?

Alb. Rascals, *Lodovico*?

Fra. How, *Lodovico*! the Devils in't, what's the meaning of this?

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Alberto? *Prospero*?

Alb. Who's there? What two *Lodovico's*, this is his voice.

Lod. Why do ye stare so, what's the matter?

Pro. Here's a fourth got amongst us.

Alb. A Devil, I am afraid 'tis.

Lod. Nay, there's more than so, where is he?

Fra. Here he is, *Lodovico*, I care not for your odds.

Lod. Here, *Prospero*, hold the Candle to us, nay, keep up your Sword, I'll have none to help me, I have made his two Comrades vanish already.

Fra. You may chance need them, Sir.

Lod. I'll venture that, nay more to whet your Courage, we will dispute it for *Otrante* now, I am become your Rival as well as Enemy. *[Fight.]*

Fra. Win her, and wear her.

Alb. 'Tis a stout Rogue, he won't down.

Lod. Stay, breath a little, thou hast Courage *Francisco*, if thou hadst honour too, thou wert a brave man, prethee be honest yet, and save thy life.

Fra. Save your own, I'll look to mine. Come, nay, come all.

Lod. Forbear friends, as you love me, then I see you are resolv'd to pull your Destiny upon you. *[Fight. Fran. falls.]*

Fra. I cou'd curse now.

Lod. May Heaven forgive you, and not impute thy blood to me.

Alb. Are you not hurt?

Lod. No, I thank my Fate.

Enter

Enter Otrante and Flora.

Otr. O Gentlemen, what de'e mean? will you kill one another? the noise has waked my Father, he's getting up, and we are all undone.

Lod. No, fairest, see there, who made the Quarrell.

Alb. He's like to make no more.

Flo. 'Tis *Francisco*, I hope ye are satisfied with this Sacrifice.

Otr. Alas, I never wish for so fatal a revenge.

Pro. Come, you stand talking, and will be surpriz'd, if you intend to be safe you must take this very minute, the next will be too late.

Lod. True, Madam, come, we must escape now or never.

Otr. Alas, I know not what to do, lead me whither you will, I care not what becomes of me.

Alb. Come, Madam *Flora*, you and I must Ramble together too, away, away, make haste.

[*Exeunt Lod. Pro. Alb. Otr. and Flora.*]

Fra. I must bear the shame of all, I have a little life left yet, and that I will employ to do more mischief if I can.

Enter Grimani and Giacomo with a Servant, driving in Pietro and Pesauro.

Gri. Rogues, Dogs, Thieves, confels, or I'll torture your souls out.

Pie. O good Sir, good Sir, we will confels all, look, here is the Gentleman.

Gia. O Master, Master, my young Mistress and Mistress *Flora* are gone, carried away together.

Fra. Peace, Rogues, and I'll make all well yer.

Gri. O the Devil, what have I deserved to be thus used? Curse on you for all sleepy Curs, what's that lies there? What a man kill'd: who are you?

Fra. Good Sir, put off your Anger, and receive the last words of a dying man, and one that dy'd in serving you.

Gri. That's a likely matter, run for the Watch some of you, the rest secure those Villains.

Fra. In short, for I have scarce breath left enough to speak all Circumstances, *Lodovico*, if you ever heard his name.

Gri. Yes, that was the Rogue, the mad drunken Rascal prated to me of about my Daughter, I suspected him.

Fra. He tempted me, these two, Sir, and some others, this night to help him steal away your Daughter.

Gri. Very good, then you were one of the Ravishers.

Fra. I must confess my friendship to him urged me to do a thing my nature trembled at, but when at last we came into your House, struck with the horror of the approaching Villany, I employed all the Rhetorick I had, hoping I might avert him from his purpose, he deaf to all persuasions, first grew angry, gave me ill Language, and then drew upon me, I vowed he should not compass his design unless he went through me, we fought, but Fortune favour'd the unjust Sword, and here I fell to tell you this sad story and my Repentance, and I thank my Fate that I had so much life left.

Gri. Is this true?

Fra. I am not in a Condition to dissimble now.

Gri. Where are the Watch?

Enter Servants, Constable, and Watch.

Ser. They are here, Sir, four Bill-men, stout and strong, Mr. Constable is their speaker.

Gri. You keep good ward to let men of my Rank be rob'd, while you lye snoring in your Rugs.

Const. We have not eyes, Sir, to look every way.

Gri. You shall be made so to have, take these two Rascals into your Custody, and keep them safe.

Watch. Come up, you sneaking Rogue, or I'll run my Bill into your Buttocks.

Pier. O, *Pesanto*, what will become of us? the Gentleman's devotion lying has done us no good.

Gri. Two of you three carry that wounded man, and lay him upon a Bed, and get him a Chyrurgeon, if he be honest he deserves it, if not, he shall be hang'd as soon as he is well. Come, Constable, I am robb'd, my [Exeunt *Fra.* supported with two Servants. House broke open, my Daughter and Neece stoln, can you find the Rogues?

Const. I.

Const. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis no hard matter to sent them out; I and my *Mirmidons* will quickly unkennel them, we'll draw them like Blood-hounds.

Gri. To the search then, come, *Giacomo*, come all, O that I shou'd live to see this curse.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

Enter Lodovico, Otrante, Alberto and Flora, and Prospero.

Alb. The day is broke, that's one comfort, we shall have no more breaking of shins, did I not hurt you, Madam, when we were down together e'en now?

Flo. No, Goodman fool.

Lod. We are got as far as the Covent already; wou'd we cou'd light on a hedge Priest.

Otr. Alas, what shall we do? If my Father find us, we are utterly lost, I cannot stand his Anger.

Lod. Be comforted my fairest, I will secure you from all danger.

Enter Dominico.

Pro. Look, here is Father *Dominico*.

Otr. Alas, how can I look upon him, that has abus'd him so?

Lod. Fear not, I will to him, good day, Father.

Dom. *Lodovico*, our wretch, come not near me, I have taken order that you shall be handled as you deserve.

Lod. Your patience, Father, you must be disabus'd, know then the thing that raises all your Anger, was a meer plot betwixt *Otrante* and me, you were employ'd because we thought it safest, to hide our Loves from her old jealous Father.

Dom. Tut, tut, this is but tattle.

Alb. Nay, an't won't believe Fryer, here is the Lady her self to witness, ask her.

Dom. How, *Otrante*, and with him, at this hour too?

Otr. Your pardon, holy Sir, I must confess I have abus'd ye, but you must blame my Love, *Lodovico* tells you true.

Dom. I am amazed, but what make you here, now?

Lod. The truth is, we have scapt from her Fathers house, and

our...

our request to you is, that you wou'd joyn our hands.

Dom. Not I, I'll have no share in your guilt.

Lod. Pray Sir, we have no aims but what are honest.

Alb. If you do it not, *Fryer*, they will do worse, go to it with our Ceremony, and then that will be your fault.

Dom. Heaven forefend, are you willing to this, Lady?

Alb. Come, leave examining her, you will but make her blush, silence gives consent.

Dom. To hinder you from falling into greater ruin, I will do it, but I know not how to answer it.

Alb. I must desire a cast of your Office too, for this Virgin and my self.

Dom. One is too much.

Alb. Nay, we will not ask you twice, if you won't, we'll take one anothers word, and save Charges.

Dom. Well, if it must be, there's no remedy, come along with me.

Lod. Best, Sir, we thank ye. [Exit Omnes.]

Enter Grimani, Giacomo, Constable, Watch, Pietro and Pesauro.

Gri. You are idle Rascals, you can do nothing, go aside again, and search diligently, find them, or I will have them all whipt. Do you know any of these people we are searching after, if you do, confess, or I will have you both hang'd.

Pie. We know nothing at all.

Enter Watch with Prospero.

Pro. Unhand me uncivil slaves, what do you hate me thus for?

1 Watch. Here's one shall tell you: here's one of them.

Gri. That's well, how now, stubborn Sir, were you one of *Lodovico's* Companions, that help'd him to steal my Daughter? Speak Rogue, speak quickly.

Pro. I am *Lodovico's* friend, but no Rogue.

Gri. No, I'll make one of you, confess, Sirrah, quickly where they are, or I'll nose ye presently.

Pro. Why

Pro. Why first, I don't know, and secondly, I wou'd not tell you, if I did.

Gri. I shall pull that humour down, clap matches to his fingers, will you confess yet?

Pro. Yes, thus much I will, your Daughter is married, Sir, and nobly too, to *Lodovico*, a Gentleman that has both blood and fortune to deserve her, the News is too good for you.

Gri. O Devil, Rascal, married already, and gone but two hours.

Pro. 'Tis very true.

Gri. It cannot be, 'tis a Rape, a Rape, Villains, they have Whored her, tell me where they are or ———

Pro. Let one word answer you, I will not tell you though I dye for't.

Gri. Away with him, take him and torture him, till you wring it out of him, come all away and search.

Pro. I'll stand all tryals e're I wrong my friend. [*Ex. Omnes.*]

Enter Lodovico, Otrante, Alberto and Flora.

Lod. Now, Madam, I may boldly call you mine.

Otr. I shou'd be happy in such an Owner, but that I apprehend such dangerous Consequence from my Fathers anger.

Lod. Fear it not, *Otrante*, We stand betwixt thee and all Storms, when he sees that we are married, his reason will make him lay aside his fruitless passions, come, do not weep, 'tis a bad Omen.

Alb. Well, *Flora*, I have caught thee in a Church-trap at last, you shan't slip out of my fingers any more.

Flo. I am yours, you had best make much of me, you will not light of such another when I am gone.

Alb. Troth I hope I shan't.

Otr. Hearn, what noise of Tramlings that? O the Storm is a coming. [*Noise without.*]

Within. Some look to that Corner, the rest follow here.

Flo. It comes, it comes, where is Seignior *Prospero*?

Lod. I mist him not till now, I doubt they have snapt him, come, Madam, stand behind me, do not tremble, I'll warrant you.

Alb. Come, do you play at Bo-peep, behind me too, there is no avoiding them, they come. [*Noise within.*]

Enter

Enter to them Grimani, Giacomo, Constable, Watch, guarding Prospero, Pietro and Pefauio.

Gri. Here they are, here they are, down with them, take 'em, kill them if they do resist.

Lod. Stand off e're you come upon your deaths.

Pro. Nay, I will help ye once more. *{ Pro. breaks from them,*

Gri. Take them, you Cowardly dogs, *} and snatches a Sword.*

Why did you let that fellow slip there?

Const. Gentlemen, you won't resist the Officers of Justice.

Lod. No: but we must make our own safeties, Seignior *Grimani*, I beseech you hear me, Sir, let not your passion blind you to the loss of reason, if you will be temperate we'll yield our selves.

Gri. I'll no Capitulations, Villains, Ravishers, sieze on them, I won't hear them speak.

Alb. Why then have at your venerable Ruff.

Flo. Hold, hold, let me charge him.

Gri. Thou won't murder me, slave, wilt thou?

Alb. Nor if you will give us free quarter.

Const. Pray hear the Gentleman, Sir.

Lod. I must confess I have offended, Sir, we come to beg your pardon, Sir, but as Ravishers and Villains, we cannot ask forgiveness, those Titles are not due to us, your Daughter and Niece still own the self same honour and Chastity they brought into the World with them.

Gri. Pish, pish, this is but a sham, I know they are abus'd, dishonour'd.

Otr. O, do not think so, Sir, upon my knees I beg it, however Love has made me faulty, I have preserv'd my honour still from stain, dear Sir, forgive me, and forget my follies, I am your Child, Sir, let a Fathers pity prompt you to mitigate your killing anger.

Flo. What if I shou'd beg, Uncle, wou'd not that please you? Remember you cou'd never bring me upon my knees yet, what say you? shall I down? shall I bend?

Gri. I will never forgive thee, if thou beggest.

Alb. What wou'd you have more, Sir?

Gri. All's

Gri. All's one, honest or dishonest, I'll have them both hang'd: seize on them, get more strength.

Lod. Ke post upon your heels, hard hearted Old man, had I not twice stood up their honours Rescue they had indeed been prey to Ravishers, once at your Garden-gate, when bold *Francisco* had made them his prisoners, with this hand I freed them, and returned them safe.

Otr. 'Tis true indeed, Sir, 'twas his Nobleness which then preserved us from a certain ruine.

Flo. Have some manners, and cry thanks yet, Sir.

Gri. Be quiet, Gypsie, or I'll ———

Lod. Again to night, the same man had design'd a second Rape; but that our happy Stars directed us to frustrate his attempts.

Gri. How dar'st thou tell me this abominable lye, when one of thy own Companions, whom thou hast almost killed, for giving thee good advice, told me that thou had'st hired him and these two Rogues and some others, to steal my Daughter from me to night.

Lod. These two Rogues, upon my life I know 'em not; you Rascals, speak, did I hire you two to any such Intents? Or did I ever change word with you?

Flo. Only once you said you wou'd kick us two, Indeed Sir, it was not this Gentleman.

Lod. Who was it, speak Dogs?

Flo. O good Sir, It was Signior *Francisco*, the hurr Gentleman, that your Worship talkt with so long.

Gri. I am at my wits end, I confess this makes something for ye, but still you are guilty, you stole her away, and have abus'd her.

Lod. If there be faith in man, she's pure as Ice, she is my wife, Sir, married lawfully, and all the anger you let out is vented against your Daughters Husband, dear Sir, forgive us, we will make up this breach by future Obedience, which I will pay you as my own Father.

Flo. Well, what wou'd you have more?

Gri. Well, if you are married, 'tis too late to recal it, you may go together, but you get not a groat of me.

L

Enter

All's

Enter Francisco, led in by two Servants.

Otr. However let's have your blessing.

Gri. No, I'll keep both for them that better deserve it.

Flo. Curse us then, that we may prosper one way or other.

Fra. Hark, here, *Grimani*, vent all your fury here, 'tis I am only guilty and deserve the highest of your rigour, those innocent Souls have ever trod the steps of Noble honour, I, only I, have stain'd my blood with baseness, and been the cause of all the late Distractions.

Gri. Well, well, you shall be hang'd however, and those two Rascals shall hang too for Company.

Fra. Dispose me as you please, my wounds I hope will save me from so great a shame; I think I shall dye, but must first ask pardon, Madam, of you, can you forgive a man so base, yet one that's truly penitent.

Otr. I can, and do, be Noble, I'll call you friend.

Fra. You are too good, now gallant *Lodovico*, which way must I address my self to you, that have abus'd you both as Friend and Enemy, you have conquered me both with your Sword and honour, if you have so much goodness to pardon me, I shall dye happy, or else miserable.

Lod. I will not doubt, *Francisco*, your Repentance, if you be vertuous, you may find me in the self-same friendship, I had for you, when I thought you so.

Fra. Now I am truly happy.

Gri. I am strangely mov'd; I cou'd almost find in my heart to forgive them.

Flo. Faith try if it be possible, do one good Act before you dye.

Fra. Signior *Grimani*, however you dispose of me, I make it now my last and dying request, you wou'd forgive your Noble Son and Daughter.

Lod. I beg it on my knees, which never stoop'd before to any for a pardon.

Otr. Dear Sir, forgive us.

Flo. Don't Uncle.

Gri. If

Gri. If I do, it shall be to vex thee.

Alb. I joyn my prayers too.

Pro. And I mine.

Gia. I'll not stick out neither good Master.

Gri. You have overcome my anger : I do forgive, but not you, Hussy.

Flo. Why then I'll vex you till you desire that I would give you leave to forgive me.

Gri. Nay, like enough, thou art a fury.

Lod. You are a Father now indeed.

Alb. I hope Uncle you include me too and your Neece for all this, in the General Act of Grace.

Gri. Why she then and you have been at it too.

Gia. I, Master, they will all.

Flo. At my Cousins entreaty to keep her Company.

Gri. Well, I forgive you too, and will give you something worth thanks, some at present, more when you are a Mother.

Alb. That will be within three quarters of a year.

Flo. Lord, Lord, are we all friends? why then the Town's our own.

Gri. Look it be, you Watch, take these people to the prison, I will take Order they be severely punished.

Lod. Nay, noble Sir, since you have pardoned us, do not mix harshness with your Clemency, for my sake pardon *Francisco*, I will be your bondman he shall serve you Nobly.

Gri. For your sake then I remit him, the rest shall not stretch for it neither, only Constable see they be well disciplin'd.

Fra. You bind me to you ever.

Gri. Come all home, along with me, *Francisco's* wounds shall there be dress'd, I hope he will recover, w^l banish all our troubles from our hearts, and Celebrate with joy these unlook't for Nuptials. Come, Son and Nephew, all jealous thoughts are flown, And you must stand the tryal of your own.

F I N I S.

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